MUSINGS OF A MARINER

BY

CAPT. ALEXANDER C. CORKUM

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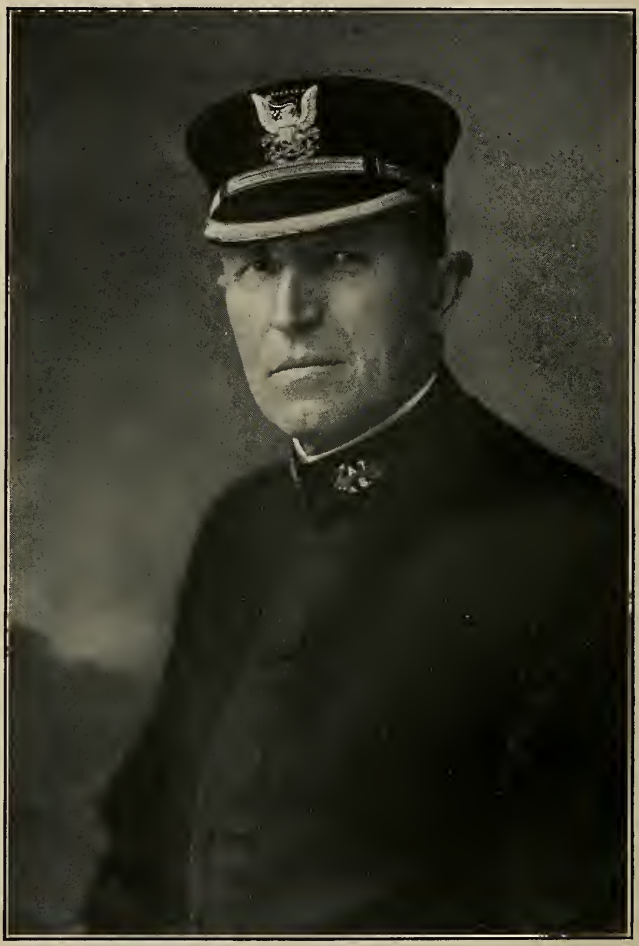

Capt. Alexander C. Corkum

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Dedicated to a
lifelong inspiration and sweetheart
My Wife

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MUSINGS OF A MARINER

RETROSPECTION

When Time has winnowed from our memories the tares
Of all unpleasantries, and petty ills and cares,
  And o'er the paths that we have traveled here on earth
  The golden grain of pleasure, thro' productive worth,
Spreads manifest; and in a retrospective way
Appears no less inspiring than 'neath the first survey;
  Then in our reveries with what delight we scan
  Again the beauties of the works of God and man.

How richly blest is he who clearly can define
The many matchless charms that grace a work divine;
  Who feels inherent joy pervade and thrill his heart
  Before the wondrous shrines of Nature and of Art;
Can mentally rebuild what carnage hath destroyed,
And reinstate the life events have long made void;
  Whose heart responsive beats to scenes of ev'ry age,
  And can at will commune with each immortal sage.

To glean and garner, then, those precious grains of lore
Attained 'mid hallowed scenes of lands we journey o'er;
  To mingle with the shades of their immortal dead,
  And share companionships that light the paths we tread,
To make an impress deep of all that we observe
And then within the cells of memory preserve;
  That we may view those scenes, whenever we elect,
  Once in reality—but oft in Retrospect.

I'LL THINK OF THEE

(A Sailor's Farwell)

When dune and headland sink from view—
When circled by the ocean blue—
When distant courses I'll pursue
Across the trackless sea;
And let the winds blow foul or fair,
Whatever joy—whatever care—
It chance to be my lot to share,
I'll think of thee—I'll think of thee.

When thro' the veil of peaceful night,
The dome of Heaven is spangled bright
With orbs that shed their guiding light
In soft sublimity;
And when the day-spring's matchless dyes
Illume the waves and Eastern skies,
Or when the day in splendor dies—
I'll think of thee—I'll think of thee.

When tempests shall my path assail,
And dangers lurk within the gale,
When light from every orb shall fail,
My guiding star thou'lt be;
Till dune and headland reappear
Upon the land I love so dear,
Till thy sweet voice again I'll hear,
I'll think of thee—I'll think of thee.

TO FRIENDS BEYOND THE SEA

Along the strand at eventide
I dearly love to stray,
And watch the green waves break and glide
In wreaths of silver spray.
And listen to their murm'ring tones
Which seem to bear to me
Fresh greetings from the loving ones
I left beyond the sea.

Then break! sad waves, O break!
In ceaseless melody,
And cherished memories awake
Of friends beyond the sea.

How clearly now in fancy's light
Each absent one appears;
And scenes familiar greet my sight
Unchanged by lapse of years;
For absence o'er the constant heart
Can claim no victory;
So to the end I'll dwell in part
With those beyond the sea.

Then break! sad waves, O break!
In ceaseless melody,
And cherished memories awake
Of friends beyond the sea.

THE BREATH OF THE SALT SEA GALE

Away with the bowers of peaceful repose—
The pleasures that live 'mid the haunts of the rose,
And the soft-scented zephyr that modestly blows
In the quiet, sequestered vale;
And give me the heave of the boundless sea,
With its ceaseless cares and its charms for me,
For I count not the calm of the sheltered slee,
But the breath of the salt sea gale.

And give me my yacht in her stately pride,
When swan-like she glides o'er the restless tide,
With the billows caressing her windward side
And awash is her leeward rail.
And her tapering spars, as they tower on high,
Seem a-cleaving the clouds of the low'ring sky,
And her rigging's attuned in a soft lullaby
To the breath of the salt sea gale.

Then blending their beauties, so grand and sweet,
The Ocean and Heavens more closely meet;
And my cheek is aglow, and my soul replete
With affection that cannot fail;
For as strong as the forces that 'round me rave,
And as pure as the white of the crested wave,
Are the feelings that wake in the breast of the brave
To the breath of the salt sea gale.

MINOT'S BEACON

Out where the waves of the Ocean
Thunder and break in their wrath,
Here on the outermost danger,
Near to the mariners' path,
Standing on treacherous footing,
Towering over the sea
Flash I my signal of warning
Of one—four—and three.

Wrapped in a mantle of darkness,
Lashed by the wind and the wave,
Swaying beneath their encounters,
Often their furies I brave;
And by the tears of the tempest,
Dimmed tho' my radiance be,
Still I keep flashing my warnings
Of one—four—and three.

Mist often mingles with darkness,
Pall-like upon me they close,
Hiding my treacherous neighbors,
Whom I am here to expose;
Then with my voice I'm proclaiming
Dangers the eye cannot see,
While I keep flashing my warnings
Of one—four—and three.

Winds that have fiercely assailed me
Whisper their gentle regret,

Minot's Beacon

Skerryvore Lighthouse, Scotland

Waves that besieged me in anger
'Round me remorsefully fret;
Always impassive I greet them;
Duty is sacred to me;
So I keep flashing my warnings
Of one—four—and three.

Here thro' the varying seasons,
Gray, weather-beaten I stand,
Guiding the course of the seaman,
Cautiously making the land;
And to all people who pass me,
Seeking the "Land of the Free,"
Flashing a welcome and warning
Of one—four—and three.

THE PHAROS OF SKERRYVORE

Where the piercing North winds sweep
Frost-laden from the Pole,
Where the icy billows leap,
Arrested in their roll
By the ledge on which I stand,
Three leagues from Scotland's shore,
To flash my light thro' the wintry night
From the rock of Skerryvore.

When the driving sleet and hail
Swirl 'round my beaming face,
And the mighty waves assail
And thunder at my base,
O'er the shoals on which they rise,
And break with fearful roar,
I flash my light thro' the tempests' height
From the dangerous Skerryvore.

When the orbs of Heaven fail
To shed their guiding light,

And the dangers of the gale
Add terrors to the night;
To the storm-tossed mariner,
Whose heart is tried and sore,
I flash my rays to his anxious gaze
From the dreaded Skerryvore.

When the summer Sun impairs
The length and gloom of night,
And the peaceful Ocean bears
His beam of golden light;
Then my giant form is seen
These dangers tow'ring o'er,
To greet the eye of the passer-by
And to warn of Skerryvore.

In the absence of the Sun
Throughout each passing year,
O'er this danger men would shun
With mingled awe and fear;
To deprive it of the prey
It claimed in days of yore,
I flash my flare of Beware! Beware!
Of the treacherous Skerryvore.

PERCE ROCK

Strange habitant! without a kin or peer,
In somber majesty thou standest here;
Like some stern Knight of ages long gone by,
That stood impassive in his panoply;
And deigned not to resist the mad attack
Of fierce and futile foes, who were thrown back
By the recoil of their own force, which, spent,
Left him unvanquished tho' with armor rent.

How long, or well, thou here hast held thy state,
No one may know, or even contemplate;

But from thy pierced form, can but opine
What strange and ceaseless onsets have been thine;
How long or wantonly the wintry sea
Has cast its floes relentlessly at thee;
Yet by what forces thou hast been beset,
Thou still stand'st forth unvanquished yet.

Whatever legends may pertain to thee,
To human ravages thou still art free;
Thy sides precipitous admit not man
The secrets of thy lofty brow to scan;
Whereon no voices mingle save the chant,
So wild and weird, of gull and cormorant;
Where undisturbed, when, from their tiring flight,
They rest and revel on thy airy height.

Dame Nature formed thee of such strange design
That she alone might change this form of thine;
And thro' the passing of those countless years
Thou hast not proved impervious to her tears;
And thy slow wasting sides proclaim to all
That everything, however great, must fall.
And farther, to the thoughtful mind relate,
She may destroy, but not annihilate.

THE NAERO FJORD

IN SUMMER

Of the noble fjords of Norway,
Found amid the hills reposing,
None exels and few can equal
The wild grandeur of the Naero.
From its waters, deep and placid,
Mountains tower, grand—impressive;
Varied in their rugged beauty
From their base to lofty summit;
Where the virgin robes of winter
Glisten in the golden sunlight,

Melting into threads of crystal
'Neath the molient breath of summer,
Form in streamlets, and in torrents,
Then forsake the winter fastness
Into cascades, gauzy-veil-like,
Or in falls of fulgent splendor.
Murm'ring, roaring hasty greetings,
Blushing like the varied rainbow
To the verdant smile of nature,
'Til they gain their source maternal.
Whose calm bosom, like a mirror
Silvered by the northern sunlight,
Reproduces, tho' inverted,
Everything within reflection.

Where the dal and fjord are meeting,
Where the crystal elv is flowing,
'Neath the shelter of the mountains
Lies the hamlet of Gudvangen.
Nestling there in deep seclusion
Where the sunbeams and the shadows,
Where the charms of all the seasons
Seem to meet and intermingle.
Here amid this mighty grandeur,
'Mid these mystic charms of nature,
'Mid this deep and gloomy stillness,
Thoughtful minds in meditation
Soaring in the realm esthetic,
Will perceive around them mirrored
Visions of the wondrous power
Of their infinite Creator.

THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN

Well may the sons of Norway boast,
And laud the beauties of their coast;
For from the Nord Kap to the Naze
Extends an almost perfect maze

Of winding leads and channels deep
'Mid countless isles, which bravely keep
  Withstanding Tempests' wrath and din,
  To guard the lovely fjords within.

Of varied hue, of form and size
Each in its azure setting lies;
  And rises from the barren sten
  To tow'ring heights like Hornelen.
Or Mageroen's peerless cape—
Deep-furrowed and imposing shape—
  That stands majestic in its height,
  Thro' sunless day and sunlit night.

And here and there the sheltered land
(As Stadtland like a monster hand),
  Beyond the skaergaard stretches forth
  To dare the conflicts of the North.
Whilst in the rear is seen to rise
The ice-capped hills of giant size;
  And some with freakish peaks upborne,
  As Troltind and the Romsdalshorn.

Here cradled 'mid those charms sublime,
Congruent to this Northern clime—
  Where rugged strength with beauty vies,
  And each the tooth of Time defies,
Where summer's breath appears to bear
The balmy warmth the Tropics share—
  Here nestling 'mid perpetual snows
  The deep and tranquil fjords repose.

Thro' countless ages they have held
Companionship with snow-clad fjeld,
  Thro' semi-polar nights have slept,
  While icy blasts have o'er them swept,
And Winter's sun, at noonday height,
Afforded them no warmthful light,

And yet their bosoms seem to hold
Immunity to frigid cold.

When Summer winds quiescent lie,
And cloudless beams the Northern sky,
Those mighty vales by Ocean claimed
Seem like vast mirrors deftly framed;
From verdured base to icy crest
Their sides are mirrored on each breast;
E'en Heaven's dome is reproduced,
And in their depths appears transluced.

Here ever-changing light and shade
Commingle softly and then fade;
Here charms of all the seasons blend
When morns begin as ev'nings end;
Here grandeur wakes upon our sense
A thought of God's omnipotence;
For Nature's charms appear so great,
Our craft would merely desecrate.

Few relics of the art of man,
Are here for human eyes to scan;
Yet sagas of this land impart
A strange enchantment to the heart,
The deeds of Vikings, skalds have told,
To man this living truth unfold:—
The cast of human temp'rament
Is moulded by environment.

FAREWELL TO STOCKHOLM

Softly over lake and hillside
Spreads the rosy blush of morn,
Calm and peaceful all's reposing,
Unto daily strife unborn.
I will not disturb thy slumbers,
Sad and silent I go forth;

Waving thee adieu forever,
Lovely "Venice of the North."

Deep, ah, deep are the affections
That thy beauty's won from me
'Neath thy ling'ring summer twilights;
Ling'ring be my memory.
But 'twas not alone thy beauty
That brought my affection forth;
But the dear friends that I leave thee,
Lovely "Venice of the North."

Soon the seas shall roll between us,
Other cities I shall see;
Stronger ties perchance may claim me,
Other friends shall welcome me.
But the tender ties that bind me
To thy beauty and thy worth
Naught can e'er efface, or sever.
Farewell, "Venice of the North."

MIN SVEA RIKE[1]
OR
THE SWEDISH WANDERER'S REVERIE

How oft my thoughts revert to thee,
Min Svea Rike! beyond the sea;
For o'er thy varied beauties, rare,
My mem'ry fondly lingers there.
My youthful love that thou did'st gain
As steadfast as thy hills remain;
For as thou seemed to childhood's sight,
Thou still appear'st in fancy's light.

When nature clothes thy hills in green
Around thy fjords and lakes serene,
Thy countless isles appear to view,
Like emeralds set in limpid blue.

[1]Pro. Svē a Rēka.

Thy charms seem then too clear and bright
To be enshrouded by the night;
For unto me thou art most fair
When summer twilights linger there.

When hoary winter reigns supreme,
And seals the lake and murm'ring stream,
And over vale and mountain height
She spreads her spotless robes of white,
Which glisten 'neath fair Luna's rays,
Whilst o'er the sky aurora plays,
And lends thee charms in winter's night
Quite unexcelled in summer's light.

And often feelings o'er me steal,
Too deep and tender to reveal,
For charms of which I'm now bereft,
And those dear ones I've loved, and left,
For all that youth or beauty gives
Within my quenchless mem'ry lives;
And nought shall e'er make me disown
Min Svea Rike, friends and home.

THE DESERTED COTTAGE

In my meditative moments,
O, how oft my thoughts will roam
O'er the wide and trackless ocean,
Back to England and my home.
Back to scenes of happy childhood,
When life seemed a golden dream,
In that little thatched-roof cottage,
Near the Itchen's gentle stream.

Then the hawthorne and the roses
Bloomed profusely by the door,
And the woodbine and the ivy
Twined its walls and gables o'er;

And how brightly did the sunshine
Thro' its trellised casements beam
In that little thatched-roof cottage,
Near the Itchen's gentle stream.

Happy hearts it then did shelter,
Youthful friends around it played,
And their melodies oft mingled
With the songsters in the shade.
And within its humble portals
Happiness then reigned supreme,
In that little thatched-roof cottage,
Near the Itchen's gentle stream.

But alas! 'tis now deserted,
And 'tis falling in decay;
And the dear ones that it sheltered
Long ago have passed away.
And its dark and broken casements
Now emit no friendly gleam
From that little thatched-roof cottage,
Near the Itchen's gentle stream.

To a deserted cottage near Southampton, Eng.

IT SEEMS BUT YESTERDAY

Tho' fleeting Time, with ruthless hand,
Stern changes may decree,
Unchanged, my heart still fondly turns
To hours I've spent with thee.
Tho' many scenes I since have viewed,
And years have passed away,
They still appear to me so dear—
It seems but yesterday.

Those sylvan shades where we then strayed,
In vernal robes were dressed,
And fairer seemed, where gently flowed
The Itchen and the Test.

And other haunts where we would meet
With comrades blithe and gay,
Now rise so bright upon my sight—
It seems but yesterday.

Our hearts were then so well attuned
In melodies of mirth,
That each responsive chord revealed
The mark of friendship's worth.
Each voice that blended then with mine
In laughter, jest, or lay,
Now floats so clear upon my ear—
It seems but yesterday.

And if the Fates should so ordain
That we shall meet no more,
Those happy hours shall e'er appeal
As sweetly as of yore.
And thro' the future's mystic paths
Where'er I chance to stray,
In fancy's light they'll seem as bright
As those of yesterday.

To a friend at Southampton, England.

THE CRUISE

I

The offing gained, unconsciously I turn
And westward gaze, where clearly I discern
Along the meeting line of sky and sea
A vestige of the land most dear to me.
A long, dim line which takes a welkin hue
And seems to link, while fading on my view,
The earth to Heav'n's immeasurable dome,
And closer still my heart to friends and home.

II

Farewell! my most beloved land, farewell!
How much more clearly now beneath the spell

Of parting, I perceive thy real worth;
Thou fairest and most favored land of earth!
Thy beauties and thy strength are those of youth
Which shed a vernal brightness; and in truth,
The clouds of Tyranny can never gain
Ascendency where men and Freedom reign.

III

At length the last dim outline of the land
Has disappeared, and now on ev'ry hand
There spreads that vast, illimited domain
Where men have ruled, but never yet did reign;
Whose changeful breast is still unchanged by Time;
In every mood—impressive and sublime;
Belov'd by those who hear its mystic call
And held in reverential awe by all.

IV

O mighty Ocean! In reposeful mood
How deep and tranquil is thy solitude!
Thy voice is silent, hence does not reveal
What caused the tragedies thy depths conceal;
No semblance of a trace does ev'n attest
The fearful wrath that oft perturbs thy breast;
But smiling at the Sun in calm repose
Reflects the countless kisses he bestows.

V

But fickle is the April Sun, for soon
Across his face dark, threatening clouds are strewn.
Then wind and wave with sigh and sob awake
And 'neath a weeping sky in fury break.
A veil of driving mist now shrouds the sight,
And lends apparent terror to the night;
Which cause the weak to feel a child's alarms,
And mewl and puke in anybody's arms.

VI

The fleeting tempest with the night has passed,
And save within the East, where clouds are massed,
The sky assumes again its brightest smile
Which seems the Ocean's wrath to reconcile;
The seas, deep-heaving, tho' devoid of crest,
Subside beneath soft zephyrs from the West;
Anticipative joy on ev'ry face is read,
For now the order's giv'n: "Full Speed Ahead!"

VII

Full speed ahead throughout a sennight's space
Upon the trackless deep our course we trace
Across the stream bestrewn with verdant sedge,
And then, 'neath fairer skies, along its edge.
Around our bows incessantly there play
Bright, variegated wreaths of crystal spray;
While thro' the nights, upon our shimm'ring wake
The fleeting lights of phosphorescence break.

VIII

Low, massive clouds now shroud the rising Sun
Proclaiming that our port is nearly won;
And soon those welcome words that oft have stirred
The weary wanderer's heart: "Land, O!" is heard.
Beneath the haze Comprida Point is seen,
And scarce two leagues of distance intervene.
The clouds and morning mist lie like a pall
Upon the heights of Pico and Fayal.

IX

Beneath the mid-day Sun the clouds arise;
And save on Pico's lofty brow where lies
A wreath that crowns her the Azorean queen
Those lovely isles unclouded now are seen;
Resplendent in their vernal robes arrayed
Their most enchanting beauties are displayed,
And with their brightest smiles they seem to greet
And bid us welcome to their safe retreat.

X

Fair Horta! how secluded and how sweet
Thou seemest, nestling here about the feet
Of sheltering and varied-verdur'd hills
Where fragrance from the wild hydrangea fills
The ever-balmy air, and seems to lend
A sylvan charm the Ocean can't forfend.
A restful, rural hav'n—amid the seas—
Where long have dwelt the Fleming-Portuguese.

XI

From out the greatest conflict often springs
The most enduring peace, and Nature brings
From out the wildest chaos she has wrought
The sweetest scenes that wake admiring thought.
So 'tis with thee, Azores, that proudly hold
The fairest charms that Nature can unfold;
What Force did raise thee from the Ocean's breast
Thy vast calderas vaguely but suggest.

XII

But now, strange sentries of the Western sea,
Reluctantly I bid adieu to thee;
And as the rising Sun their crests illume
My Eastward course I once again resume;
And ere he rests upon the zenith's height
Majestic Pico disappears from sight;
Fades from my sight—but on my memory—
That stately form's impressed indelibly.

XIII

Four days we sail o'er seas that tranquil lie,
And then upon our starboard we descry
That friendly beacon light that marks so well
The treach'rous, fascinating Cape Spartel.
Weird Cape! symbolic of thy Moorish race
Whose former prestige now retains no place;
Yet seems as strange and mythic as thine own,
When thou wert guardian of this sea unknown.

XIV

Before me lies the portal of two seas;
Where Pillars of the fabled Hercules
  Thro' many centuries defiance hurled
  At those who'd cross their bound'ry of the world.
The wind and tide conflict. All crystal white
The wave-crests spread beneath the morning light;
  The rising Sun adds splendor to the view,
  And tints the waves an opalescent hue.

XV

Tarifa's passed. (No tariff now is claimed
By that historic town, from whence 'twas named.)
  The wind has ceased,—the strait enchanting lies,
  As from its sides two continents arise;
Dark Africa, repellent to the gaze,
Remindful still of its primeval days;
  While Europe, more inviting and refined,
  Bestows a sweeter influx to the mind.

XVI

Beside her feet a couchant form appears—
The Calpe[1] of the ancients who for years
  Regarded it their gods' abiding place,
  And hence forbidden to the human race.
A silent guardian of their classic sea—
In form and strength a peerless prodigy;
  An object then of superstitious awe—
  A fortress now of martial strength and law.

XVII

Did Nature in creation then suggest
In this imposing form—from base to crest—
  That man in this enlighten'd age should mar
  And arm it with the engin'ry of war?
Its name shall stand synonymous of strength;
But sad to contemplate: how great a length

[1]Gibraltar.

It may remain a symbol that betrays
Man's slight advance from his barbaric ways.

XVIII

Within its spacious roadstead I espy
Some old, dismantled ships at anchor lie;
That proudly sailed o'er every sea that's known,
And braved the elements of every zone.
Sad relics of departed strength and worth!
Discarded benefactors of the earth!
Thy days of greatest usefulness have flown;
In memory thy glories live alone.

XIX

The portal's passed; and with a strange delight
I greet the sea that spreads upon my sight;
And feel how deep 'tis veiled in mystery,
Altho' mythology and history
Have shed a light thro' many centuries
On deeds of mankind and the deities;
Which tends to raise the thought of beings higher
And kindle in their breasts Promethean fire.

XX

Upon its shores four empires had a home:—
Assyria and Persia, Greece and Rome.
Here lesser powers, too, have had their sway
And like their greater rivals—their decay.
The site of ancient Troy in doubt is traced,
While Tyre and Carthage long have been effaced;
Degeneracy now marks the Moslem reign—
Decadency the power of haughty Spain.

XXI

Here Nature has bestowed with lavish hand
Such beauties as forever will command
The awe and admiration of our race;
Here, ev'n amid the ruins, we may trace

What wondrous gifts to man she did impart
Of architecture, literature and art.
  Here, too, had birth three great religious creeds
  Which caused such noble and such fiendish deeds.

XXII

Upon the waves that laved its troubled shores
Was heard the ryhthmic sound of galley oars;
  Which mingled with the yells of men enraged,
  When racial and religious wars were waged.
Such naval battle-scenes can ne'er recur
As Salamis, or even Aboukir.
  The barb'rous traits of men in war estranged,
  Like this great sea, remain alone unchanged.

XXIII

A peaceful calm prevails o'er sea and land;
And while I'm skirting Andalusia's strand
  The setting Sun bestows his waning light
  On Mulahacen's crystal-crested height;
Which brings to mind Boabdil's fated day,
When on this "snowy range" he stayed his way,
  A royal fugitive in sad despair.
  To bid farewell to his Granada fair.

XXIV

He saw beneath the Heav'n's unclouded dome
His lost Alhambra! his ancestral home;
  Where his progenitors had reigned for years
  'Mid splendors unattained by their compeers.
He viewed in anguish its vermilion towers
That rose above its oriental bowers.
  Then visions came which caused immortal sighs,
  His farewell to that earthly paradise.

XXV

The skill and rare refinement of the Moor
In castellated monuments endure;

Which, tho' defaced by man and time, are still
The glory of Granada and Seville.
And as the shadows deepen I opine
How like this ev'ning's close was their decline;
The splendor of their race so like this day
Seemed loth from those fair hills to pass away.

XXVI

But other structures mark a later reign:—
The empire days of proud and haughty Spain—
Where wanton use of gold to us reveal
The wealth of those who ruled in New Castile.
Ill-gotten gold! that proved a deadly bane
And left upon this land a lasting stain;
Whose glitter 'round their altars shall endure
To mock the suffering of their worthy poor.

XXVII

Their spread of empire wrought with sword and brand
Suggests the crimes of Torquemada's hand;
Who in his bigotry did slay and burn,
'Til this fair land became a charnel urn.
Their cruelty in conquests still remain
A blot upon the history of Spain;
Which tends to veil in ignomy and shame
The noble deeds that glorified her name.

XXVIII

Despotic pow'r can never long endure;
Nor can its pomp and pageantry secure
A true allegiance in the heart of man
When goaded to despair beneath its ban.
So one by one Spain's colonies rebelled,
Until at length not one by her was held.
Her great possessions gone—she seems to be
In her decadent state—a limbless tree.

XXIX

But 'twould be most unjust if I should fail
To sound a softer note for her avail.

"To err is human"; and 'tis not humane
The fallen man or nation to defame.
Fruition of the deeds which caused her rise
Is shared by ev'ry nation 'neath the skies;
As to her fall, I must in justice own,
'Twas caused by acts not wholly hers alone.

XXX

The crescent moon within the West declines;
That friendly orb whose light revealed designs
Of Philip at Byzantium, and gained
A symbolism it's ever since retained.
Adopted by the Moslems it became
An emblem of their growing pow'r and fame;
And while its light so softly fades away,
It seems symbolic still—of their decay.

XXXI

More deeply now the midnight shadows close.
A stillness reigns—the quiet of repose;
A stillness so profound—it seems to me,
Minds not of Time—but of Eternity.
Whatever deeds have been enacted here,
No sign, nor trace does even now appear;
For all is tranquil on the land and deep
And rest in earthly or eternal sleep.

XXXII

The waking dawn subdues the orbs of night;
And o'er the Eastern sky, increasing bright,
The most resplendent pencilings unfold;
A blending exquisite of blue and gold;
That fades in splendor when the god of day
Upon the sea spreads forth his brilliant ray;
And Cape de Gata—lying close a-beam—
Reflects the brightness of his golden gleam.

XXXIII

How glorious this scene appears to be;
Upon our right the placid, sunlit sea;

While on our left the hills of Spain arise;
And o'er it all—unclouded, vernal skies.
The rugged coast—engraved by hand of Time
In forms grotesque, yet strikingly sublime,—
Is crowned with sloping hills of verdant green,
Where nestle towns, with straggling cots between.

XXXIV

Upon our bow New Carthage now appears—
That grand emporium of ancient years;
Whose present prestige clearly still betrays
The wealth and glory of her primal days.
The dream of Hasdrubal; Spain's morning star;
The pride of Hannibal, that god of war,
Whose martial spirit seems a living dower
That lends a luster to her present power.

XXXV

Hesperia! Land of the setting Sun:
Today before that designation's won,
We pass the sightly town of Alicante,
Where signs of her past strength are still extant;
And while the ev'ning shadows deeper grow,
We pass the Cape of San Antonio;
And just before the midnight watch is set,
We sight the light upon great Columbrette.

XXXVI

A lovely dawn succeeds a tranquil night;
And clearly I discern beneath its light
The Sierra de Almenar range arise,
That shields the coast where Tarragona lies.
Ere noon we pass the greatest port of Spain;
Fair Barcelona, rising once again
Above the glory of its former state;
Spain's latent power to resuscitate.

XXXVII

We pass Sebastian Cape and enter 'pon
The treach'rous waters of Golfe du Lion;

Where, from between the Alps and Pyrenees,
The mistral sweeping wakes such dang'rous seas
As cause us now our crossing to delay,
And seek an anchorage in Rosas Bay.
A sheltered port where we a day remain,
And then a last and fond farewell to Spain.

XXXVIII

A peaceful Sabbath morn, and at its break
We weigh our anchor and departure take.
The lofty Pyrenees are veiled in haze,
The placid gulf alone attracts our gaze
'Til Planier's stately shaft our sight enchants,
And bids us welcome unto "La Belle France."
And here shall rest awhile the voy'ge and tale,
Safe moored within the port of old Marseille.

THE CROSS AND THE CRESCENT

or

THE SIEGE OF MALTA

Part I

CHAPELLE DES MORTS

Sepulchral Chapel! on thy chancel walls
A gruesome host incessantly attends;
Whose ghastly stare the flippant tongue enthrals,
And every thought of levity forfends.

They mutely, yet most potently, impart
The mortal truth of man's consummate fate;
And wake far deeper feelings in the heart
Than eloquence of priest or potentate.

The God that chose this noble few to stay
The Westward march of Moslem faith and pow'r;
Ordained that man to mankind should display
Their embers as an ever-chast'ning dow'r.

To teach the cynical, the base, the proud,
That life is but a transitory breath;
And he who gains a martyr's humble shroud,
Shall win the greatest triumph over death.

The errant Christian with the infidel
May scorn this weird memorial to scan,
And yet, no monument could e'er excel
This symbol of the Brotherhood of Man.

And she who by the chancel entrance stands—
To Florence Nightingale a worthy peer—
Her noble life the gratitude of man commands;
The "Red Cross" of today was cradled here.

And whilst, deep-awed, within their midst I stand,
Their wasting frames transform before my eyes;
And in the quick, I see that gallant band
'Mid scenes which marked their passing, now arise.

THE CROSS AND THE CRESCENT

or

THE SIEGE OF MALTA

Part II

FIOR DEL MONDO AND ITS FLAG

Their dark, liquid eyes are a-beaming again
On Fior del Mondo their sea-girt domain;
Their picturesque island, to them seems to be
The loveliest gem of that gem-studded sea.

The waves are caressing its time-chiseled shore,
A gentle levanter its bosom plays o'er,
And nodding, the sulla[1] now seemingly plumes
On charms it displays to the breeze it perfumes.

[1]A species of red clover.

Profusely the flowers in redolence blow,
The bee and the butterfly flit to and fro;
A Sabbath-like stillness appears to prevail,
But Ah! 'tis the calm that's preceding the gale.

Unruffled the sea and unclouded the sky,
In depths of their sapphirine colorings vie;
While over St. Elmo their flag is revealed,
The white cross of Malta upon a red field.

The flag of the Cross and the Knights of St. John,
The flag of the island 'tis waving upon;
A flag by all Christendom loved and revered,
A flag by the Ottomen hated and feared.

'Twas borne to the breeze in humanity's cause,
Its followers pledged to fraternity's laws;
Yet often beneath it was cruelty traced,
Tho' seldom by cowardice was it disgraced.

At Acre and Cyprus, at Rhodes and at Crete
Its glory grew brighter altho' in retreat;
And then over Malta at length 'twas unfurled
Its Mission to fill to the Christianized world.

And now as they gaze on it waving on high,
The light of affection illumes ev'ry eye;
And once more there comes from those lips so long mute
Their world-famous watchword of "Dieu le Vieut!"

God wills it! God wills it! and all seem to feel
As shadows of evening over them steal,
The time is at hand when their life-blood must flow
Defending their Faith 'gainst the infidel foe.

Their forces are marshaled, their vigils are set,
And led by their Grand Master De la Valette,
To the church of the convent they slowly repair,
God's aid to implore in repentance and prayer.

How solemn and touching this compline appears!
These brave men renewing in penitent tears
  Their vows to their God to comply with His ban
  To die for the Faith and the welfare of man.

Their orisons ended, they slowly depart,
With worldly allurements exiled from the heart;
  Exalted, resigned to whate'er be their loss
  In fighting the siege of the Crescent and Cross.

THE CROSS AND THE CRESCENT

or

THE SIEGE OF MALTA

Part III

THE SIEGE

Slowly the curtain of night is withdrawn,
Softly admitting the blush of the dawn;
  Brighter and higher its colors arise,
  Tinting the waves and the orient skies.
Smiling and peaceful the morning awakes,
Earth, still reposing, its beauty partakes;
  But with its greater light clearly betrays
  Solyman's fleet to the sentinel's gaze.

Tranquil in slumber lies Malta's fair isle,
Heedless of danger, or morning's bright smile;
  When from St. Elmo the warning gun's boom
  Wakes them from sleep to advise of their doom.
Many are roused by the sound of that gun
Feeling their last peaceful slumber is done;
  Others so curious cannot forego
  Longings to gain but a look at the foe.

Over that classic sea spreading afar
Slowly approach the great galleys of war;

Wafted along to these coveted shores
By the levanter, to rhythm of oars.
Doubly imposing they seem to appear
As to the island they closely draw near;
So that the sentries can clearly descry
Flags of the Crescent a-waving on high.

Then from the Castle a banner's unfurled,
Flag of the Cross of the Christianized world;
Flaunting defiance abroad to the foe,
Cheering its gallant defenders below;
Who in deep reverence mutely stand there
Watching its folds as they rise on the air;
Then comes this shout from the lips that were mute:
"Viva Valette!" and "Dieu le Vieut! !"

Solemn the face of Valette appeared
When he uncovered upon being cheered;
Still on his features no fear was expressed
When his brave Knights he thus briefly addressed:
"Brothers, 'tis willed by our Heavenly Liege
Cross against Crescent must meet in this siege;
Vic'try or death is the meed we shall gain;
Spare not your lives, then, the faith to maintain."

Calmly the Christians their foemen await
Wholly resigned to whate'er be their fate.
All are prepared their attack to repel,
Officers, soldiers, and women as well.
Lightly they hold not the strength of their foe
For their fierce valor but too well they know;
Vastly outnumbered they enter the fray
Trusting in God and His will they obey.

And with the Moslems no fear is betrayed;
Banners are waving and music is played;
Shouting and cheering, the isle they infest,
Feeling their deeds by great Allah are blest.

Bright as the Sun's golden beam is their smile
But they disparage their foes of this isle;
  Even Mustapha, who holds the command,
  Knows not the strength of this God-fearing band.

Gorgeous the spectacle that they present
When the bright Sun of the ev'ning had lent
  Brilliant reflection to banners and shields
  Now overspreading the vineyards and fields.
Formidable tho' their great armies appear
Still in the Christian breast wakens no fear.
  Faith in the justice of God and His laws
  Seem to assure the success of their cause.

Scarcely Mustapha St. Elmo had viewed
When he gave orders the fort be subdued.
  Marching his forces to Sceberras Crest
  Quickly the fort he prepares to divest.
Cannons are mounted and trenches are formed,
Then the great fortress is heavily stormed.
  Ravelin and counterscarp crumble away
  'Neath their assaults in the terrible fray.

But the brave Christians their efforts defy,
Ev'ry attack meets a worthy reply;
  Cheer answers cheer and gun answers gun,
  Gains by the Moslems are most dearly won.
Not for a moment a fear is betrayed
E'en when the fort by their carnage is swayed;
  Nor in their efforts a weakness revealed
  When they perceive that their doom's surely sealed.

Louder and fiercer the conflict now grows
As 'round the fortress the Mussulmen close;
  Thunder of cannon and bursting of shells,
  Hissing of missiles and agonized yells,
Rattle of musketry and a wild cheer
Blend in the tumult when, fighting, appear
  Over the ramparts and into the fosse
  Mingle the soldiers of Crescent and Cross.

Fiercely their struggles thro' four weeks extend
Yet the brave Christians their fortress defend;
  Then other foemen appear on the scene
  Headed by Dragut the brave Algerine.
Under his guidance the fort they invest
Mounting great guns on the point to the West;[1]
  Also a battery that would prevent
  Aid or supplies to the fort to be sent.

Then off the harbor assembles the fleet
Making St. Elmo's investment complete;
  Hemmed by a circle of fire and steel,
  Causing the gallant defenders to feel
No earthly power can render them aid,
Nor can their certain doom long be delayed.
  Yet they give way not to fear or despair,
  True to their pledges their fate they will bear.

Across the Great Port the Grand Master Valette
Views their sad plight with remorse and regret;
  Long had he prayed that the fort might survive
  Blows of the Moslems 'til aid would arrive.
Firmly his soldiers he thus would exhort:
"All shall be lost if we hold not that fort!"
  And altho' vict'ry's still crowning their lot,
  Well he imagines how dearly 'twas bought.

But he despairs not, nor tries to conceal
Facts that conditions so clearly reveal.
  Vast is the Moslem force 'gainst him arrayed
  Yet he depends not on promises made
By the Sicilians that aid would be sent
By the great powers their fall to prevent.
  Faith in his Master, alone, does not fail,
  And in his men the same feelings prevail.

Fiercely the guns of St. Michael had roared
Causing sad havoc with Solyman's horde;

[1]Now called Point Dragut.

Deadlier still does St. Angelo's speak,
And upon Dragut a death-vengeance wreak.
Yet the attacks of their foes are not stayed;
Ceaseless their guns on St. Elmo are played;
Tearing the counterscarp, ravelin and walls,
Filling the fosse with debris as it falls.

Sweeping like waves on a storm-beaten coast
Roll tow'rd St. Elmo the infidel host;
Filling the breaches their carnage had made
Fiercely the fortress they now escalade;
But the besieged on the ramparts appear
Fully determined their lives to sell dear;
Firm and undaunted that brave little band
Ev'ry assault of their foemen withstand.

Thrice the besieging horde rush the attack,
Thrice by the Christians they're forced to fall back;
'Til overcome by their toil and the heat
Sullen the infidels sound a retreat.
Led by Miranda their brave chevalier
Feebly the Christians awaken a cheer;
'Waken a cheer that appears a farewell,
And to their friends, like a funeral knell.

Those at Il Borgo were stricken with grief
When they had failed to afford them relief.
Still on St. Elmo in sorrow they gaze
'Til it appears thro' the gloom and the haze
Like a dark sepulchre soon to entomb
Flowers of chivalry cut in their bloom.
Then with their sabres upraised tow'rd the sky
Swear that their comrades in vain shall not die.

Calmly the doomed for their fate now prepare,
Spending the night in repentance and pray'r;
Cheering the dying, consoling the maimed,
'Til the first tints of the morning proclaimed
All must prepare their last struggle to face;
So after taking a farewell embrace,

All to their posts on the ramparts repair;
Even the wounded prefer dying there.

Howling like wolves when attacking a fold
Come the fierce Moslems in numbers untold;
Over the ruins by carnage laid bare,
Right thro' the breaches in frenzy they tear.
But the brave Christians, with God-given strength,
Ev'ry assault they repel, till at length
Corpses of soldiers of Crescent and Cross
Litter the ramparts and choke up the fosse.

Bravely the Christians three hours withstand
All the onslaughts of that bloodthirsty band;
Then overcome, they disgrace not their breath
Asking for quarter; they fight to the death!
Never a fortress more bravely was lost.
Fruitless the vict'ry and fearful the cost!
'Tis but a ruin the Crescent floats on,
Briefly supplanting the flag of St. John.

Now is Mustapha's true nature displayed
By his exaction of vengeance delayed;
Tortures that none but a fiend could incite
Fall on the martyrs surviving the fight;
And in derision the form of the Cross
Deeply is slashed on their breasts, ere they toss
Over the ramparts and into the port
Those who defended the Faith and the fort.

Well may Valette shed tears of regret
When by the current their bodies are set
O'er to Il Borgo, so shamefully torn,
Mutely to tell of the wrongs they have borne.
And of their comrades to make a request
That in the scabbard their swords shall not rest
While unavenged their sad fates shall remain,
Or while the Moslems St. Elmo retain.

Loudly the Ottomen troops are extolling
Allah on high for the victory gained;
Sadly the bells of the Christians are tolling
Over the losses their cause has sustained;
But these brave hearts to their chapels repairing
Bow to the will of their Master above;
Faith in His justice exiles their despairing,
Death has no sting if they die in His love.

Solemn and sweetly the music is stealing,
Touching the heart-strings of soldier and knight;
Who at their altars in penitence kneeling
Feel a dispersion of grief in their plight;
Feel that, altho' by all mankind forsaken,
God in His mercy condones for their loss;
Faith in His power and aid is not shaken,
Vict'ry must crown their defense of the Cross.

Nor do the men share alone these devotions,
Malta's fair daughters are there by their side,
Bravely concealing their tend'rest emotions,
Calmly the mandates of God they abide.
Heedless of danger where missiles are flying,
Aiding and cheering the men in the fray;
Soothing and comforting wounded and dying,
Traits of the angel and knight they display.

But on my vision a form is appearing
Whose saintly features in sadness are set;
Ev'ry expression is firm and endearing:
'Tis the Grand Master John De la Valette.
Bravest of Knights! by all Nations forsaken,
Hurls at his foemen a fearless defy;
Counsels his men that the vows they have taken
Make them a unit, to conquer or die.

Firmly rejecting all terms of surrender,
Then he prepares all attacks to repel;

Now he's exhorting his men to remember
How at St. Elmo their brave brothers fell;
And that a similar fate shall o'ertake them
If they give way to despair for their loss.
God is their refuge; He will not forsake them;
They are His own chosen Knights of the Cross.

Deeply chagrined at Valette's reply
Once more Mustapha accepts his defy.
Left no alternative now but to fight,
Quickly resolves to allow no respite.
Every vantage point he had attained,
Ev'ry available gun had been trained
So's to admit not of aid or retreat;
Making Il Borgo's investment complete.

Ranged to Mount Corradin from Salvador
Trenches and ramparts were formed long before.
Guns from all quarters Il Borgo beset;
While overland from the port of Musette
Galleys transported, equipped and all manned,
Lie well concealed at the opposite strand
Waiting the signal to make an attack:
Th' Spur to besiege and La Sangle to sack.

Scarcely the Sun its full orb had displayed
When by two cannon the signal is made;
Meaning assaults should be frontal and rear;
So on the harbor the galleys appear,
Forming a spectacle grand and sublime;
And by two boats they are led for a time
Bearing their holy men who loudly chant
Pray'rs that great Allah would victory grant.

Now on the Spur as the Othmen draw near
Knights from the fort of St. Michaels appear;
Followed by men of unquestioned repute
Shouting their watchword of "Dieu le vieut!"

Cheering the name of Grand Master Valette
Whose precious counsel they do not forget;
While in their bosoms a vengeance they feel
Waked by their dead brothers' silent appeal.

Onward the Moslems come 'til they are stayed
By a rude palisade sailors have made;
Then to their waists thro' the water they wade
Up to the walls 'neath a fierce fusilade.
And as their cheers on the morning air blend
Boiling pitch, flaming hoops on them descend.
Roasted Turk, basted Turk gobble and shriek
As the defenders a just vengeance wreak.

Still the fierce Turks in their efforts prevail,
Fully determined the bastion to scale;
But their endeavors the ramparts to gain
Prove quite as costly, as futile and vain.
Ponderous missiles of iron and stone
By the defenders upon them are thrown,
'Til an explosion takes place in the fort
Spreading a pall over rampart and port.

In the confusion that follows, the Turks
Gain a strong hold on the fort's outer works;
But the defenders are soon in pursuit
Raising their war-cry of "Dieu le vieut!"
Fiercer and fiercer the battle they wage
As on more equal terms now they engage.
"Death to the infidels!" Ottomen cry.
"Death to the infidels!" Christians reply.

Now on the harbor ten galleys appear
Which for La Sangle more northerly steer;
And when in range there emits a report
From a low batt'ry in Angelo's fort.
Mixed were the charges and true was the aim,
Fearful the tollage those rude missiles claim.

Nine of the galleys are shattered in twain,
Filling the harbor with wounded and slain.

Still on the Spur is the struggle maintained
And neither side an advantage had gained.
But not for long la Valette delayed
Sending fresh troops to the garrison's aid;
Who reinforced, with fresh vigor attack,
Driving the now weakened Musselmen back
Over the ramparts and into the tide,
Which by their life-blood in crimson is dyed.

Some meet their fate at the base of the wall,
Others for mercy on bended knees fall;
But the defenders all mercy deny,
"Such as you showed at St. Elmo," they cry.
Vengeance is reeking on every breath,
Nought can appease retribution but death,
Nor do they cease to administer blows
While there's a Turk on the Spur to oppose.

Flushed with their vict'ry they rush to the rear
Where hard-beset the defenders appear;
Shouting their war-cry their comrades they reach—
Sweeping the infidels clear of the breach;
Who all disorganized flee in despair
And to their trenches are forced to repair.
Now in Il Borgo not one voice is mute;
All shouting:—"Victory! Dieu le vieut!"

But no despair do the Moslems betray
For on Il Borgo their cannon still play.
Sapping and mining the walls in the back
'Til they are ready to make the attack.
All is prepared and the day has been set,
So is the Grand Master De la Valette;
Who in his work seems to take no repose;
Every move of his foemen he knows.

Two weeks have passed since that battle was won,
And on St. Michaels another's begun;
  But the resistance the Ottomen meet
  Cause them another most costly defeat.
Then in assaulting the bastion Castile,
Once more the sting of reverses they feel.
  Even Piali who leads in this fray
  Bows to the spirit the Christians display.

Under the bastion a mine now is sprung,
And in the breaches their forces are flung.
  But their advance by the Christians is met
  Let by their Grand Master De la Valette.
Now to the gen'ral alarm that is rung,
Hasten to aid him the old and the young;
  Soldiers, civilians, the women and all;
  Even the wounded respond to the call.

Cheering his men 'mid the fallen and slain
Gallant Valette will not entertain
  Prayers and remonstrances not to expose
  His precious life to attacks of his foes.
To their entreaties he'd only reply:
"What death's more glorious than for to die
  'Midst my dear people who count not their loss
  In their defense of the Faith and the Cross."

Over the bastion the Crescent now floats—
Othmen are swarming within the redoubts;
  Only to meet with a firm human wall
  That all the Moslem force cannot appall.
Nerved by the words of their noble Valette
'Gainst the invaders in fury they set;
  Soon thro' the breach the besiegers are borne,
  And from the bastion the Crescent is torn.

But undismayed they return to the fight
Veiled in their charge by the darkness of night.

But the bright lights of the carnage reveal
Every move they had hoped to conceal.
And at the breaches the Christians await
Once more the plans of their foes to frustrate;
Once more compelling a hasty retreat,
Once more inflicting a costly defeat.

Now as the dawn of the morning is breaking,
Ere the bright Sun spreads his beams on the sky,
From their short slumbers the Christians are waking,
Offering thanks to their Master on high.
And on St. Lawrence the bells are a-ringing
Bidding them all to the church to repair;
Now in contrition Te Deums they're singing,
Humbly invoking God's mercy in pray'r.

Heavy the crosses the Christians are bearing—
Sorrows profound in their bosoms awake;
But the Redeemer their burdens is sharing:
Mankind alone will the worthy forsake.
And in this hour of deepest affliction
Worldly allurements they now relegate:
Kneeling they humbly receive benediction,
Wholly resigned to their evident fate.

Tho' the besieged are reduced to such straits,
Far worse a fate on the Othmen awaits.
As all their efforts disastrously fail,
Greater dissensions among them prevail.
Carnage is fast decimating their roll,
Sickness is also exacting its toll;
And to Mustapha at ev'ry defeat
Looms on his vision a shameful defeat.

Thinner and thinner their lines daily grow,
Weaker and weaker the blows they bestow;
Baffled in every assault that they make,
Well may their courage their bosoms forsake.

Few are the Christians not wounded, nor shrived;
But their deliv'rance at length has arrived.
Aid, for which hopes for a long time were spent,
By the Sicilian viceroy was sent.

Hopelessly beaten Mustapha departs
'Mid the rejoicing of all Christian hearts;
Soldiers and ships badly shattered and torn
Sail in disgrace for their own Golden Horn.
Half of that force the defenders repelled
Rest on this island—uncoffined, unknelled.
And of the Christians let's tell not their loss
In that great siege of the Crescent and Cross.

Once more the bells on St. Lawrence are ringing
Bidding them all to the church to repair;
Now all exultant, Te Deums they're singing,
Joyous Hosannas resound on the air.
Over St. Elmo again there is waving
Proudly the flag of the Knights of St. John;
But the brave Christians no longer are craving
Vengeance for those who once suffered thereon.

And on my vision again there's appearing
One whom no Christian should ever forget;
Gentle, forbearing, devout and God-fearing:
'Tis their Grand Master John De la Valette.
Wholly abandoned by all Christian nations,
Yet in his trials he did not complain;
God-like he gave to unborn generations
Teachings that every soul should attain.

THE CROSS AND THE CRESCENT

or

THE SIEGE OF MALTA

L'ENVOY

My vision slowly fails,
  And once again I gaze
Upon the "Flower of the World"
  Of these enlightened days.

A peaceful stillness reigns;
  The sea quiescent lies;
And o'er this lovely scene the sun
  Beams from unclouded skies:

The anniversary
  Of that historic day,
When Cross and Crescent first engaged
  In that immortal fray.

What changes have transpired
  Its traces to efface!
'Tis now the grandest gem that's held
  Within this sea's embrace.

Where Corsair Dragut fell
  A noble city[1] rose;
And in its midst the great Valette
  And his brave knights repose.

This sightly, terraced town
  Perpetuates his name;
This monument of peaceful homes
  Commemorates his fame.

[1]Valetta.

His noble order's gone;
Apparently 'twas willed
By Him, Grand Master over all,
Its mission was fulfilled.

And now St. George's Cross
Floats peacefully upon
St. Elmo's fort where long had waved
The banner of St. John.

A mighty stronghold still;
In which I can divine
The spirit of the great Valette
Small make a Christian shrine.

And of his gallant knights,
Who fell within that fray,
To those who would adversely speak—
Concluding, I would say:—

Their faults were of the flesh
And with the flesh have passed;
Their noble traits were of the soul
And with the soul shall last.

ADARA

A TALE OF THERA

Within the West the god of day
His rarest colorings unfold;
While o'er the sea he spreads a ray,
A seeming path of liquid gold.
Upon the heights of Thera's isle
The ev'ning shadows grow apace;
And youth and aged seek the while
Their welcome coolness to embrace.

Beside a lone and lowly cot
A mile outside of Thera's wall,
A sightly and sequestered spot,
Where ev'ning shadows early fall,
An aged man enjoys a rest
From all intruding mortals free;
With head inclined upon his breast
And thoughts absorbed in reverie.
A form athletic that betrays
A dang'rous foe when in his youth;
His eyes, deep-set, emit a gaze
Indicative of force and truth;
His strong and kindly face is sered
By sunbeams of a tropic land;
A person to be loved and feared;
The kind that's fitted to command.

He seems a statue sitting there,
So deeply is he wrapped in thought;
And when appears a youth most fair,
He fails to hear, or heeds him not.
At length the youth the silence breaks:
"Pray pardon sire! this fault of mine."
The hermit from his dreaming wakes,
And kindly answers: "Peace be thine."
"The youthful step is lightly made,
I heard thee not at thy approach;
Pray share my rest within the shade
Upon Demeter's verdant couch.
I see thou art a stranger here,
With minstrel garb as thy attire;
But pardon me, it does appear
The sword befits thee more than lyre."
The minstrel answered with a smile:—
"I handle either passing well;
But would'st of thee and this fair isle
Some pleasing anecdotes pray tell?"

The aged hermit then replied:—
"My birthplace was the town of Tyre,
And oft in youth, like thee, I tried
My skill in handling lance and lyre.
My form was not unlike thine own,
And care sat lightly on me then;
The fear of combat was unknown;
I reveled in the feats of men.
Altho' my strength has nearly sped,
I still review those days with joy;
Thou knowest it is tritely said:
'We're once a man and twice a boy.'
Without a hope to lure me on
I seem to live within the past.
I've nothing now to dote upon,
And youthful mem'ries longest last.

"Phoenician blood was in my veins;
Adventure, hence, appealed to me;
My race apparently maintains
A love insatiate for the sea.
'Twas at a very early age
I was appointed to command,
And with rare skill did I engage
A fearless and a faithful band.
My galley was of matchless mould,
Propelled by fifty oars and sail;
No other could her speed uphold;
We scorned alike the foe and gale.
In warlike or in peaceful feats
We always were outclassed by none;
And often we encountered fleets
Where vict'ries were not lightly won.
Within the hearts of all my men
A sympathetic feeling ran;
My slightest wish, or order, then
Found quick response in ev'ry man.

"Ah! those were happy days to me;
And o'er them still I muse with pride.
The perils of the stormy sea—
How wantonly I did deride.
Alike to me were calm and blast,
I courted but the fav'ring breeze;
'Twas wafted on by one I passed,
The Pillars of great Hercules.
I ne'er beheld a sight, I think,
Which did my soul so much enhance,
As when I first saw Helios sink
Within that vast, unknown expanse.
Poseidon's spirit fired me—
I seemed to be his favored son;
I longed to solve the mystery
That other men with fear did shun.

"The luring hopes my mind constrained
Admitted not of any rest,
Until fair Geddir[1] we had gained;
That opal jewel of the West.
Phoenicia may point with pride
To Carthage and Cyrene, yet
Her brightest gem's set in the tide
Where waves of that vast ocean fret.
But there we did not tarry long,
All peace of mind from me had flown;
I seemed to hear a siren's song
That called me to that vast unknown.

"We put to sea with joy elate
And toward the West we boldly steered;
We seemed to reck not of our fate,—
Not ev'n when Span had disappeared.
For days we sailed 'neath smiling skies,
While leading winds did aid our flight;
Our course shaped by two deities
Great San[2] by day, Adar at night.

[1]Cadiz.
[2]In Chaldean Mythology San was their Sun god, Adar the god of the stars.

I still recall with righteous pride
My feelings of intense delight,
That lovely morning we descried
Five lofty isles[1] appear in sight.

"One towered high above the rest,[2]
A form of graceful symmetry;
A fleecy wreath lay on its crest;
A crown of rare sublimity.
Each seemed a mighty sentinel
Placed there by Zeus to guard the seas,
And any man's intent repel
To seek, or solve his mysteries.
Their sides were clad with shrubs and trees,
And fragrant flow'rs profusely bloomed;
E'en out at sea we found the breeze
By their sweet odors were perfumed.
But not a living soul was there
Our landings to repel, or greet;
The only things disturbed the air
Were murm'ring surf and songsters sweet.

"About those isles we held sojourn
For several days, then sallied forth;
And soon we faintly could discern
Two smaller islands[3] farther North.
They stood there at their lonely posts
Repellent, yet alluring fair;
We found upon their rugged coasts
No place of perfect shelter there.
About these isles short time was spent,
When sky and sea were strangely stirred;
We felt it was a warning sent
The wrath of Zeus we had incurred.
And soon the storm in fury broke,
The winds and waves did madly clash;
Some islands belching fire and smoke
To thunder's peal and lightning's flash.

[1]Azores. [2]Pico.
[3]Flores and Corvo. Phoenician coins have been found on Corvo which proves they came this far West.

Poseidon then did mercy show;
He is indulgent with the brave;
And safely on our galley flew
Before the blast and roaring wave.
He then commanded Aeolus
His fearful anger to allay;
And calmed again the sea to us,
And sped us on our homeward way.
Until this day when I behold
Great Helios sinking in the seas,
I wonder when he will unfold
To man his wondrous mysteries."

A light had filled the minstrel's eyes
He tried, but vainly, to conceal.
Far deeper feelings than surprise
His noble features now reveal.
At length, in tones subdued, he said:—
"Thy pardon, sire, I do implore,
But if my fancy's not misled,
Of thy exploits I've heard before.
Thy course upon that mystic sea
Some unborn hero yet will trace,
And thy great deeds shall always be
An inspiration to thy race.
Thy case to me doth strange appear;
So would'st thou kindly but relate
How camest thou to settle here,
And why in this secluded state?"

"My son," the sage then made reply,
"A mighty favor thou dost ask,
Yet thy request I'll not deny;
Altho' it is a painful task.
When I regained the port of Tyre
All banners to the breeze were flung;
My fame was spread abroad like fire,
My name was soon on ev'ry tongue.

The humble with the mighty vied
In paying homage to me then;
And ev'ry portal opened wide
To welcome me and my brave men.
But feted life soon irksome grew;
The roving spirit in me burned
I longed my ventures to renew,
So Westward once again I turned.

"We reached this isle without event;
This fated isle! it seems to me
That by great Zeus I here was sent
To shape my future destiny.
It long had been a favored bower
Where all the gods were wont to dwell;
Here Hades oft assailed the power
Of Hea[1] and of mighty Bel.[2]
Its form was once of perfect mold;
This harbor was a crater then;
Here gods alone could sojourn hold;
It was debarred to mortal men.
'Til Hades in an angry mood
Its graceful form cleft deep in twain;
Then 'gainst the vast inrushing flood
He sent his forces to restrain.
The earth to its foundations quaked—
The voice of conflict loudly roared;
The fire of Hades was unslaked
As thro' the clefts the waters poured.
For four long days the struggle raged,
Nor was the god-like pageant stayed,
Or Hades' fearful wrath assuaged,
'Til Belus came to Hea's aid.
And often since his slumb'ring rage
Has sent aloft its shafts of death;
And even at this present age
These newborn isles[3] exude his breath.

[1]Hea is here addressed as the Chaldean "Lord of the Sea."
[2]Bel as the "Lord of the World."
[3]The Burnt Isles. See Santorin Ency. Britannica.

"I found upon arrival here
My name and fame preceded me.
The populace it would appear
Regarded me a deity.
And here as at all other courts
They paid me homage with a fete,
That followed games and other sports
In which we did participate.
'Twas at this festival I met
The lady whom they chose its queen;
By birth she was Phoenician, yet
By lineage a pùre Chaldean.
In form and grace she was the peer
Of any goddess we adore;
Her charms were sung both far and near;
Adara was the name she bore.
In rank she far outrivaled me;
But that did not my hopes impair;
I sued and won the victory:
'Tis said: 'the brave deserve the fair.'
I then relinquished my command
And spent two years of blissful rest;
Meanwhile our joys were brighter fanned—
A lovely son our union blessed.
But ere he learned to call me sire,
A wave of sorrow o'er us broke;
'Twas then the gallant sons of Tyre
Rebelled 'gainst Shalmanesser's yoke.
I heard their call—I went—I served;
How well? Why all the world must know;
Our deeds in hist'ry are preserved—
They found in us a valiant foe.

"The struggle o'er, with laurels won
I hastened back to my estate;
To find there neither wife nor son;
My happy home was desolate.

With meagre clews I then returned,
And traced her to the traitor's land;
'Twas at Damasacus I learned
That she had died by her own hand.
I could not find what fate befel
My darling boy. If that to me
Some mortal agency could tell,
I feel that death would welcome be.

"No other solace could I find
Except what mother Ocean gave;
And nothing seemed to soothe my mind
Like combat with the roaring wave.
I sailed o'er many foreign seas
'Til age compelled me to retire;
And here I spend my time in ease
With musing and my tuneful lyre.
And when a certain orb of night
Reveals to me its gentle flame,
My soul will fill with strange delight;
It is the star that bears her name.
I wait here till the Fates decide
To free my soul, her own to seek."
Then gazing at the youth he cried:
"Who art thou errant minstrel? Speak!"

The youth then modestly replied:—
"The name I bear is El-Sanib;
I served King Sargon till he died,
And now the great Sennacherib."

"If this be true," the old man cried,
"To Tyre, I fear, thou art a foe!"
The minstrel solemnly replied:—
"My worthy sire, this is not so.
In her behalf I used my pow'r,
And many wrongs have righted since;
I will assure, within an hour
Thy doubting mind I shall convince."

"How cometh then," the sage inquired,
A minstrel bears so great a name?
Or, art thou in this garb attired,
Thereby to hide thy rank and fame?"
"The minstrel's art," replied the youth,
"The gods at birth infused in me,
I scarce could raise the lyre, in truth,
When I could wake its harmony.
No sweeter gift can they bestow
To raise our state above the brute's;
To it all happiness I owe
And all my noblest attributes.

"Throughout my early boyhood days
I never played a gladsome strain;
'Twas but the saddest, sweetest lays
My heart and harp could not refrain.
The feelings that controlled my soul
Found like response in ev'ry string;
One theme alone I did extol,
And loved exultingly to sing.
'Twas of the one that gave me birth,
And reared me with such tender care,
She shed a ray of Heav'n on earth
And left me in profound despair.
One day beside a castle gate
With patient care I tuned my lyre;
And then my angel mother's fate
My inmost soul appeared to fire.
I touched the strings and from them sprang
Sweet strains that caused me to rejoice;
And when of her sad death I sang,
I seemed possessed of her sweet voice.
Her gentle soul, it did beseem
Inspired me to play and sing;
And when I 'wakened from my dream,
Before me stood Assyria's King.

He stood there deeply wrapped in thought,
  While close beside him stood his son;
I quickly knelt—his pardon sought—
  To find it was already won.

"'Fear not, sweet minstrel boy,' he said,
  'A heart like thine no fear should feel;
I'd think thou wert of heaven bred,
  If thou did'st not thy birth reveal.
Arise! my minstrel prince, arise!
  And henceforth share my son's estate;
Within thy soul a sweetness lies
  That may exalt his earthly fate.'

"Within his favor I rose higher;
  While by his son I was adored;
I was his master with the lyre,
  And soon his equal with the sword.
And since King Sargon passed away
  His noble son's great cares I've shared;
A princely power now I sway;
  And so to thee my past I've bared."
Then rising up, his cloak and hood
  He cast upon the verdant sod;
In princely armour there he stood—
  The image of a demi-god.
"My name and rank I did betray,
  And soon my revelation's done";
Then kneeling, cried: "Thy blessing, pray,
  My sire! I am Adara's son."

The old man clasped him in his joy,
  And then his voice exultant raised:—
"My son! my son! my long-lost boy!
  Restored to me! Ye gods be praised!
Thy presence and thy speech awoke
  A feeling I can not express;
It seemed Adara to me spoke—
  So much like hers was thy address.

The hopes that I so long sustained
And fostered with a constant pray'r,
Are now fulfilled; the gods ordained
This joy should crown my earthly care.
My blessings on thee I bestow,
And crave thee blessings from above,
And pray thy soul may ne'er forego
The guidance of thy mother's love.
And now my son, I beg thee rise;
I long to hear thee once more speak;
Pray tell me why in this disguise
This isle thou wert compelled to seek?"

" 'Tis by the orders of my King
That I am here," the son replied;
"I wore this garb so it might bring
Admittance otherwise denied.
It seems it was thy constant pray'r
That I might be restored to thee;
While mine has been, I must declare,
My mother's wrongs avenged might be.
The wretch that drove her to her fate
Is lord and master of this place.
He was a traitor to our state,
While on his own he brought disgrace.
He has an ill-begotten son,
Possessed of giant form and strength;
Who boasts of evil deeds he's done,
And whom I hope to meet at length."

"My noble son," replied the sage,
"If those fell tyrants be our foe,
Then man to man, and age to age,
We'll have revenge before I go.
Nor shall we have to long await;
They ride forth in the twilight hour;
I'll hence prepare to meet my fate
If they should prove of greater pow'r.

I'll don the garb that I have worn
In latest battles I have fought;
I'll gird the belt and sword I've borne
Whene'er a dang'rous foe was sought."

Then spake the son: "With thy consent,
Whilst thou art changing thy attire,
My pent-up feelings I shall vent
By playing on my tuneful lyre."
Beneath his gentle, magic touch
A strain of heav'nly sweetness springs;
So cadent, so aesthetic! such
As thrills the heart's most latent strings.
It speaks of childish innocence
Ere worldly care and sin are known;
When light of purity intense
Upon our earthly path is thrown.
And then he plays a plaintive strain
Which thrills the heart more deeply still;
It speaks of mortal care and pain
When first the human heart they fill.
He then awakes with greater strength
A far more touching melody;
'Twould seem a suffering soul at length.
Was longing that it might be free.
And now he strikes the pulsing strings
With such a force as shakes the lyre;
It seems a god-like spirit springs
To spread abroad revengeful ire.
The strength and beauty of his soul
Vibrate along the trembling wires;
Then upward toward the heavens roll
To voice his wrath 'gainst base desires.
And then he rests the harp awhile
Until his feelings are composed;
His face relaxes in a smile;
A transposition is disclosed.

And now he plays a soothing lay.
That speaks of rest and vic'try won;
It softly—sweetly—dies away.
His soul's great revelation's done.

He rests his head upon his hands,
Nor from his musing does he wake,
'Til by his side his father stands,
And thus in earnest tones he spake:
"If thou canst wield with equal skill
The sword that's sheathed by thy side,
My doting heart will shortly fill
With sweet revenge and righteous pride.
Nor shall we have to long await,
The harp for sword thou must discard;
Approaching from the city's gate
Come traitor, son and body-guard."

The minstrel laid the lyre aside
And on his father turned to gaze;
And then in adoration cried:—
"Ye gods! accept my humble praise.
From thee what wondrous gifts have flowed!
So for thy mercies be adored!
On me a sire has been bestowed,
While unto him his son's restored.
I praise thee that so great a sire
This soul and body did beget;
And if I should this day expire—
This joy shall live etern'ly yet.

"Thou sayst sire our mighty foes
Are under escort of a guard?
A force I'll have, but not expose;
Let no precaution be debarred!"
He takes a bugle from his side
And blows a call both sharp and clear;
And scarcely has its echo died
When twenty of his men appear.

"Conceal yourselves behind this wall,
Where you may see, yet not be seen;
My sword upraised shall be your call!"
Thus spoke the prince in tones serene.
Then turning to his father, said:
"I have at hand a chosen band
Who oft with me in battle shed
A glory o'er their native land.

"The gods ordain that I should be
Obedient to thy guiding hand;
But now I do implore of thee,
Allow me to assume command.
And in return a right I'll waive
That I have sought with pray'rful breath,
Yet feel how deeply thou must crave;
Thou shalt avenge Adara's death!
And should thy goodly efforts fail—
A double vengeance shall be mine;
And if my sword should not avail—
The task to others I'll assign.

"And we must now assume disguise
That shall awake the tyrant's wrath;
And when his anger shall arise
We'll beard the villain in his path.
Thy feelings and thy own disguise
I must constrain thee to withhold
Until before the traitor's eyes
His offspring's fate I shall unfold.
Thy vic'try shall be easier won,
And thy revenge be more complete;
But now our speech must be restrained,
I hear the sound of horses' feet."

The tyrant gained the cot to find
Two vagrant forms beside the door;
And both apparently inclined
His royal presence to ignore.

"Base vermin!" roared the traitor's son,
"Prostrate thyselves! for mercy pray!
Or by the steed I sit upon
Thy scurvy bodies we shall flay!"
The prince arose, and thus replied:—
"The humble cloak may mask a King;
While one that's in the purple dyed
May clothe the most abhorrent thing.
I bend the knee to gods alone;
So now, dismount! make good thy vaunt!
For unto thee I will make known
No braggart's boast my heart can daunt!"

And when three paces he'd retired,
His minstrel garb he cast aside.
The tyrant's courage then transpired;
He tried by ruse his fear to hide.
"Imposter, doubly-masked," cried he,
"A double torture shall be thine.
Ho, guards! arrest this prodigy,
And place him under close confine!"

The prince then quickly drew his sword
And raised its glittering blade on high;
And o'er the wall his armed horde
Appeared, the villains to defy.
"Thy ruse has failed," exclaimed the prince,
"So send thy menials to the rear!
Thy treach'rous act to me evince
Thy father's spirit thou dost share.
Dismount! my vaunted Hercules!
What is't that quakes thy massive frame?
Why surely thou canst quell with ease
The vermin that assails thy fame."
The anger'd wretch dismounting, drew,
And at the prince he madly lunged;
He tripped, and by his foeman flew,
And in the earth his falchion plunged.

The prince, at ease, stood on his guard,
And smiling on the lordling, said:—
"I fear thou'lt find the delving hard;
Pray, let thy guardsmen dig my bed."

The traitor quickly gained his feet
And at the prince again he dashed;
Who feinted but a slight retreat,
And then their swords in battle clashed.
It plainly could be seen at length
The wretch was at the prince's will;
For tho' he was possessed of strength
The latter showed the greater skill.
Each mighty thrust the villain made
Was parried with apparent ease;
And soon his feelings were betrayed
In pallid face and quaking knees.
And then the prince appeared transposed;
A sterner look his face expressed;
He quickly with his foeman closed,
And pierced the corslet on his breast.
A quick retreat—a subtle feint—
And then a thrust so deftly made;
He put an end to all constraint;
He had bereft him of his blade.

The villain stood in abject fear,
And more belabored seemed to breathe;
He felt that death to him was near,
Until the prince his sword did sheathe;
And turning to his vanquished foe,
These words he solemnly addressed:—
"A soldier's death I'll not bestow
On one by fear and vice obsessed.
A fate in keeping with thy crime
A legal power shall ordain;
Thy princely person for a time
'Neath our protection shall remain."

Then turning to his captive's sire,
His voice assumed a sterner tone:
"Inhuman wretch! I now desire
Thy disposition to make known.
Too many are thy fiendish deeds
For mortals to enumerate;
But one alone thou soon must needs
In deadly strife to expiate.
The plot was consummated well;
Yet all thy machinations failed.
My lips have not the power to tell
What suffering that crime entailed.
'Tis unto him who thou didst wrong
That thou shalt answer for this deed;
And thy suspense I'll not prolong;
Dismount! at once, from off thy steed!"
Then turning to his father said:—
"Arise my sire! Thou canst unmask;
'Tis not with feelings now of dread
That I consign thee to thy task."

The aged hero quickly rose
And cast aside his tattered cloak;
And so commanding was his pose,
He seemed a god when thus he spoke:—
"As mortals sow, so shall they reap;
Their acts shall yield them like returns;
And none shall gain a peaceful sleep
While fire of retribution burns.
And he who by his acts incur
The wrath of gods and mortals too,
Must surely at the end infer
A punishment is justly due.
On thee, dispoiler of my home,—
Who aimed a goddess to defile,
And caused her seek in heaven's dome
Protection from a crime so vile,—

The deities at length demand
A retribution for the deed,
And have decreed that by my hand
Thy lustful, treach'rous heart must bleed."

The frenzied wretch his falchion drew,
And by the gods of darkness swore:—
"I'll grant the reparation due,
Thou famous Tyrian Navitor!"
And then their swords in battle clashed;
But quicker than a durant breath
The hero's blade like lightning flashed,
And had avenged Adara's death.
Unheeding him he overthrew,
He stood with eyes upraised on high;
And then the wretch a dagger drew,
And slightly graced the hero's thigh.
"Thou hadst revenge," the villain cried,
"And so have I; for when I smote
I put a poison in thy side
That yields not to an antidote."

"What thou hast claimed I lightly hold,"
The aged hero then replied;
" 'Twill end the sins against me told
Whilst thou in crime art deeper dyed.
My life has been an interlude
Devoid of any joyous strain
Since thou so basely did intrude
Its sacred tenets to profane.
Thy latest crime will reunite
My soul with hers enthroned on high;
It hastens but my spirit's flight
For gods of love to deify.
I feel that in this awful hour
All mortal enmity should cease;
So I shall manifest my power
To have thy soul depart in peace.

And of the gods for thee I'll crave
A mercy thou hast never shown;
And may'st thou find beyond the grave
A peace thy life has never known."

The traitor faintly answered then:—
"How great is thy forgiving grace;
The wrongs I did thee, prince of men,
O would some power could efface!
But may my dying act atone,
And with thine own be more condign:
A princess near Assyria's throne
In Thera's held in close confine.
Whate'er my faults, and they are great,
I did protect her with my power.
This key unlocks the outer gate,
And she's confined within the tower.
My life—shall now—not long—endure;
Farewell! forgive! I soon—must go.
Yes, she is pure—so sweet—and pure,
O, would—to heaven—I were—so."

The prince appeared as in a dream;
What had transpired struck him mute;
But soon this state, it would beseem,
His speech and actions did refute.
For turning to his leader, cried:—
"Here, Tubal! haste thee, mount this steed!
Take this young Theran as a guide;
And to the tower hie with speed!
And bring the princess here to me;
This key unlocks the outer gate;
This royal seal thy pass shall be;
So haste thee! I shall here await.
Brave Therans! now this corpse remove
With all respect his rank is due;
And to thy people I shall prove
A brighter era shall ensue.

"Come sire," then he kindly said,
"Forgive! if I neglect have shown;
I will assist thee to thy bed,
And pray all hope has not yet flown."

"The die is cast," replied the sire,
"I am beyond all human aid;
Nor do I cherish one desire
To have my passing long delayed.
My strength, like this fair day, is spent;
I fain would rest where I may see
Once more the dome of azure blent
With symbols of eternity.
Here oft, alone, I have communed
With those bright spirits of Adar;
And oft my heart and harp were tuned
In praises of my guiding star.
I've had my share of earthly care,
And also tasted of its bliss;
But he who has a lov'd one there
Will crave not for a world like this.
No counsel unto thee I give,
Altho' my sands of life are run;
I only ask that thou wilt live
As would become Adara's son."

" 'Twas she, dear sire," the prince replied,
"That formed the mandates of my soul;
And now thou'lt be a kindred guide
My future actions to control.
Tho' issue from such godly source
No mundane powers should demean,
I fain to thee would have recourse
Thy soul's nobility to glean.
But that great boon the gods denied;
Yet in their mercy have decreed
That by thy side I may abide,
To see thy soul from bondage freed."

"And thou wilt not have long to wait,"
In tones resigned replied the sire;
"But ere the gods shall seal my fate,
Would'st thou avail me of thy lyre?"
Soon strains of mingled sweetness roll;
'Twas from his heart and harp they sprang;
The last outpouring of his soul—
To his beloved star he sang:

"Alluring lights of earthly joys
That once illumed this world for me,
Now surely fail as night destroys
The dancing sunbeams on the sea.
Yet thro' the deep, encircling gloom
The rays of my bright star appear;
And cause me greet my coming doom
With joy unfeigned, Adara dear.

"Celestial orb! departed shade
Of peerless beauty, truth and love,
Thro' thee are pain and fear allayed
And hope inspired from above.
The wondrous light that fills my soul
Exiles all pleasures fostered here;
And bids me seek the heavenly goal
Attained by thee, Adara dear.

"Beyond the pale of ev'ry thought
Imagination can awake,
To realms, as yet unknown, unsought,
My errant soul its flight will take
To seek my all-enchanting star
Enthroned within the azure sphere;
Thou'lt need not be my avatar;
I go to thee, Adara dear.
Thou'lt need not be my av-a-tar;
I go—to thee—Adara dear."

His song had grown so faint at length
It seemed a nocturne from the skies;
The harp responding to his strength
Was clearly timing his demise.
The prince relieved him of the lyre
And laid him in a pose of rest;
Then vainly tried to 'lay the fire
The poison fused within his breast.
"Ye gods!" he then imploring prayed,
"If 'tis thy will my sire must go;
O grant his passing be delayed
A double blessing to bestow."
And then the feelings of his heart
For utt'rance grew too strong and deep;
He silent prayed, 'til with a start,
He, list'ning, rose as from a sleep.

What is't that greets his anxious ear,
And clearer grows at ev'ry breath?
He turns to see two steeds appear—
A seeming race of life and death.
"She comes!" he cried, in tones subdued.
"Who comes?" the sire faintly asked.
"The one who caused me to intrude
Upon thee as a minstrel masked.
To rescue her from bondage here,
My heart and King did both decree.
I gain the one I love so dear;
Whilst thou art won and lost to me."

And scarcely had his last words died
When by the cot the steeds were reined.
The prince embraced his future bride;
Tho' perfect silence they maintained.
Their hearts were far too full for speech;
And grief with joy were blended there.
They knelt a blessing to beseech,
A grateful, reverential pair.

The hero feebly raised his hand,
And spake in accents soft and low:—
"With all the grace I can command,
My blessings on thee I bestow."
His voice then failed; and as the flame
Of poison bore him to his death,
He faintly whispered that sweet name,
"Adara," with his dying breath.
Boston, Feb. 10, 1916.

LINES WRITTEN ON THE PLAINS OF ABRAHAM

QUEBEC

Here Wolfe and Montcalm fell;
The latter dying ere he knew
The day to him was lost;
The former lived till he could tell
The day was won,—but not the cost.

Brave Wolfe victorious died;
And to the Nation of his birth
A vast dominion gave;
And 'mid a pageantry of pride,—
Where worthies sleep,—he won a grave.

The gallant Montcalm's fate
Deep pity wakes. By Death, to him
Was timely mercy shown.
His fall it did anticipate.
He gained a grave,—unmarked, unknown.

Upon yon terraced height,
To victor and to vanquished, there
A stately shaft is raised;
And now within a clearer light
They both are mourned—they both are praised.

Upon this famous plain
No sound of labor or of strife
Now mars the peaceful calm;
And may again no conflict stain
The sightly plains of Abraham.

A SUMMER SUNSET AT SEATTLE

The Sun on his diurnal way
Admits the twilight of the day;
And spreads from out the western sea
Upon the azure canopy
Rare dyes of matchless blending;
Which midway to the zenith's height
Appear most varied and most bright;
Tho' paling at approaching night
The zenith marks their ending.

Beyond the sound, upon whose breast
The first faint shades of ev'ning rest,
The blue Olympics—weird and grand,
Against that gorgeous background stand,
A source of inspiration.
A painting so divinely great
No human hand can imitate.
It bows us in a bounden state
Of silent admiration.

Against the eastern sky appear
The glacial heights of Mount Rainier;[1]
Whose crystal gifts of countless storms
The ling'ring sunlight now transforms
To pearls of light enthralling.
A diadem begemmed on high,
Whose charms resplendent do not die
'Til o'er the hills which 'round them lie
The shades of night are falling.

[1]Pro. Ra-neer.

Receding down the western skies
The last soft tint of evening dies;
Whilst o'er the sound and peaceful dells,
Th' Olympics—like weird sentinels
Arrayed in line of battle;
Stand forth to guard with jealous care
The beauties which surround them there;
So in their majesty may share
The sunsets of Seattle.

THE FIRST HILL OF SEATTLE

The perspiration fra my pores
Is streaming like a fountain;
And I'm nae mair than halfway up
The side o' this wee mountain.
My knees which knock are sairly bent,
My body's awkwardly asklent,
My larnyx wheeze and rattle;
My heart is pumping double time,
But 'til it stops, I'll try to climb
The First Hill of Seattle.

That ye're the fust and ye're the wust,
On this I've safely reckoned;
For ye alane I've got to climb,
Altho' ye hae a second.
At times, I think it was the Deil
That formed thee, sae that he caud feel
Delighted at my bearing,
An' weel I ken that He has thought
That when puir souls were overwrought,
He'd like tae hear them swearing.

But man by terracing yere sides
His aim in part rescinded;
For this affords a breathing space
When we get badly winded.

And man has set, wi' skilful care,
A few gude cables running there
  Yere pesky sides ta tickle,
An 'gien us cars, now safely wrought,
(I might hae ta'en one had I thought),
  But then I saved a nickel.

But now atweel, I better feel,
  For since yere crest regaining,
I simply revel in the views
  That I am here attaining.
And noo fair hill 'tis weel I ken
This lesson ye imparts ta' men:—
  Success crowns earnest labors;
An' by the use of brawn and brain
We'll find the only way ta' gain
  A plane above our neighbors.

TO ROBERT BURNS

Regarding the Monument to Be Erected for Him in Boston

Immortal Bard! thy tuneful lyre
Tho' long since stilled, awakes a fire
  The purest known.
And whilst to thee and thy sweet lays,
Our grateful nation homage pays,
To sing an humble song of praise,
  I'll tune mine own.

Tho' bards have soared to greater heights,
And trained the Muse to grander flights,
  Than thou hast done;
Yet few possessed thy magic art
The human feelings to impart,
Or gained the prestige o'er the heart
  That thou hast won.

A rustic master of the Muse,
Whom Nature's breath seemed to infuse
With Pow'r divine;
To give her voice to stream and brae,
And sing affection's sweetest lay,—
That friendship's worth might live for aye,
In "Auld Lang Syne."

The gentle soul within thy breast
By care and sorrow was oppressed,
That thou might'st scan
Within a truer, purer light
The power of oppression's might;
That thou might'st see, and sing aright
The cause of man.

And who has held so light as thou
The crown upon the tyrant's brow?
Or sang a lay
To cause the brave the base to spurn,
And Freedom's sons to proudly turn
To gallant Bruce at Bannockburn,
As "Scots wha hae"?

We may not need the sculptor's art
To wake more deeply in the heart
Our love for thee;
But as a meed that thou has won,
By binding us to Albion,
A monument we'll raise upon
Our country free.

Its site should be a fitting one,
Near that of him who bravely won
Our freedom's laws;
For both have stirred by noble thought
The feelings of the patriot;
And thou hast sung and he has fought
In freedom's cause.

MY AULD SCOTTISH HAME ON THE BANKS OF THE CLYDE

How oft in my flights o' reflection I'm borne
Ta' scenes I sae cherished in life's rosy morn;
How often my mem'ry rekindles the flame
O' love for the charms o' my auld Scottish hame;
Tho' fair is the country where sin' I ha' strayed,
And dear are the friendships that sin' I ha' made;
Yet fondly my thoughts turn to those wha reside
At my auld Scottish hame on the banks o' the Clyde.

As saft as the sunbeams that first greet the day,
And dapple the crest o' each mountain and brae;
As sweet as the perfume fra' heather-clad hills,
Are feelings, remembrance my bosom instils.
And blithely my heart still responds ta' the lays
That once marked the closing o' calm summer days;
When strains o' sweet music wad float o'er the tide
Ta' my auld Scottish hame on the banks o' the Clyde.

But dearer than a' is the love that I bear
For those wha are fondly awaiting me there;
The beam o' their smile and the licht o' their e'e
Are fairer than a' on my vision I see.
And twined roun' my heart is each feeling an' thought
(Like woodbine that clings ta' the walls o' their cot),
O' quenchless affection for those wha abide
In my auld Scottish hame on the banks o' the Clyde.

THE BLACK WATCH AT MAGERSFONTEIN

'Neath the star's Southern light
We are tenting tonight,
Near the banks of the Modder's fair stream;
And the stillness, tho' deep,
Incites not my sleep,
Yet awakens a beautiful dream.

And enchanted I roam
'Mid the haunts of my home,
With my own bonnie lass at my side;
And again I can hear
Her last message so dear,
And it fills me with sorrow and pride:—

Chorus

Hold dear to thy heart, my brave laddie,
The love o' thy lassie and hame;
But engaged in the strife, hold dearer than life,
Old Scotland's fair glory and fame.

But my dream now is changed,
And my vision is ranged
On a battlefield gory and green;
And at every breath
Come the missiles of death
From the weapons of foemen unseen;
But we march bravely forth
To the "Cock of the North,"
And tho' vainly—undaunted we fall;
And the whole Black Watch felt
The next night on that veldt,
That this message inspired them all:—

Chorus

Hold dear to thy heart, my brave laddie,
The love o' thy lassie and hame;
But engaged in the strife, hold dearer than life,
Old Scotland's fair glory and fame.

'Neath the star's peaceful light
They are sleeping tonight,
On that far-distant veldt where they fell;
And the hearts of the fair
That inspired them there,
Bear a burden their lips cannot tell.

But old Scotland's fair name
Shall resound with their fame
Thro' long ages of honor and bliss;
And her glory shall live,
While her brave daughters give
To their loved ones, such counsel as this:—

Chorus

Hold dear to thy heart, my brave laddie,
The love o' thy lassie and hame;
But engaged in the strife, hold dearer than life
Old Scotland's fair glory and fame.

COLUMBIA FRAE THEE

Like smiles and tears of changefu' May
That floral beauties bring;
The changefu' feelings parting gies,
In joy and sadness spring.
For blithely now wad I return
Tae Scotland, dear to me;
But sair's my heart, for I maun part
Columbia frae thee.

Sae soon I'll view again the scenes
Of a' my childhood days,
And roam among her gowan'd dells,
And o'er her bonnie braes.
And when the songster's tunefu' notes
Shall blithely welcome me,
They'll mind me o' the friends I loe
Columbia in thee.

The sweetest charm my hame contains
Are those I loe sae weel;
The bliss o' wanderers returned,
But they alane can feel.
Tho' luve o' hame may prove mae dear
Than a' the airth tae me;
It sha'n't efface the ties I'll trace,
Columbia tae thee.

THE BONNIE LASS O' LEITH

Tho' Scottish lads are brave an' braw
And strangers tae deceit;
The Scottish lassies here awa,
Are much mair nice to meet.
And 'mang the fairest I ha' seen,
Tae grace their native heath;
Is ane I fa' the right tae ca' [1]
The bonnie Lass o' Leith.

Her shapely form and comely face
Are of true Celtic mold;
And filled wi' sic a kindly grace,
Sae pleasing tae behold.
The smile that lights her lustrous e'e
Reveals her pearly teeth;
And crowns the mien that Nature's gi'en
The bonnie Lass o' Leith.

Her mellow voice that charm reveals
Peculiar tae her race;
And shows a heart the breast conceals,
Of virtue, truth and grace.
Thro' sich as she auld Scotia's isle
Has won her fairest wreath;
Sae in my lay I'll tribute pay
The bonnie Lass o' Leith.

Fair fa' the soul that wakes the lyre
Tae strains o' purest bliss;
And can, at weel, my heart inspire
Tae pledge a vow laik this:
Whatever cares the Fates impose,
Whatever joys bequeath;
I'll ne'er forget the day I met
The bonnie Lass o' Leith.

[1] Is one I claim the right to call.

A SCOTCHMAN'S FAREWELL TO HIS COUNTRY

Now dim on my sight in the evening's pale light
  Thy hills, dear old Scotland, are fading;
Tho' pride does impel me to smile thee farewell,
  Deep sorrow my heart is pervading.
My last view of thee brings sweet mem'ries to me
  Of scenes that I'll cherish forever;
And ties of my youth that were nurtured in truth
  No power on earth can e'er sever.

How often of yore have I blithely roamed o'er
  Those hills that before me are waning:
And then did enshrine in this bosom of mine
  A love that thy beauty's constraining.
Thy lochs so serene and the murmuring stream,
  The mountains that rise in their glory;
The heather-clad fells and the sweet-smiling dells—
  In fancy I now see before me.

Methinks I can hear the old melodies dear
  To strains of the pibroch now swelling,
And every strain seems to echo again
  'Round the place where my lov'd ones are dwelling.
To old Scottish cheer and to those I love dear
  My heart in affection is cleaving;
But darkness and gloom now appear to entomb
  My heart and the land I am leaving.

PASSING AWAY

The twilight of life, Jean,
  Now spreads o'er our way,
And shadows are marking
  The close of our day;
The beams of life's noon-tide
  That 'round us did play,
Are passing away, Jean,
  Are passing away.

The dear ones that guided
Our footsteps of yore,
Have laid down their burdens
And passed on before;
And friends who have shared in
Our pleasures so gay,
Are passing away, Jean,
Are passing away.

The beams of thy smile, Jean,
Once bright as the morn,
My heart in its trials
Have often upborne;
And charms of thy beauty,
Once fair as the day,
Are passing away, Jean,
Are passing away.

Tho' Time is impairing
Thy beauty and grace,
The love-light seems brighter
That beams in thy face;
And thy soul's matchless beauty
Revealed by its ray,
Will ne'er pass away, Jean,
Will ne'er pass away.

MY BONNIE LITTLE JEAN

I'm sitting in the gloaming, Jean,
A-musing on the time,
When in the gloaming years ago
You promised to be mine.
And sweetly o'er my memory
There rises many a scene
Of that dear place where first I met
My bonnie little Jean.

How dear to me is ev'ry haunt
Where we together strayed,
How golden were the sunbeams then
That 'round about us played;
How sweetly then did Nature smile
Upon those hills so green,
And happy did our young hearts beat,
My bonnie little Jean.

But few things there remain unchanged
Beneath Time's ruthless tide,
And those dear ones, who gave me thee,
There slumber side by side.
But Time may sever ev'ry tie,
And alter ev'ry scene,
It can't impair the love I bear
My bonnie little Jean.

ALANNA MACHREE

In the hush of the ev'ning I wander once more
'Mid the scenes of my childhood on Erin's green shore;
And I stand in the shade of the sycamore tree
Where thy form is reposing, Alanna Machree.
And sweet mem'ries awaken of days that have flown
When thy heart was attuned in accord with my own;
And thy song was as blithe as the lark's on the tree;
But alas! both are silent, Alanna Machree.

In the hush of the ev'ning how often we strayed
When the earth in the raiment of peace was arrayed;
And the pure air of Heaven with fragrance was filled,
And the sweet voice of Nature, how deeply it thrilled!
And our own happy hearts beat responsive to all,
For we saw not the shadows that 'round us did fall;
'Til the call of my country did wrest me from thee,
And we parted forever, Alanna Machree.

Ah! that hour of parting! that touching farewell!
When thine eyes were revealing what words could not tell;
And the tears on thy cheek seemed to lie in repose
Like the dewdrops of morning upon the white rose,
That like thee was allotted one bright, fleeting day
To display its sweet beauties and then pass away;
But the light of my soul thou shalt e'er be to me
'Til I rest here beside thee, Alanna Machree.

MY DEAR COLLEEN

Slowly down the Western welkin
Sinks the summer sun to rest,
And his rays, in matchless splendor,
Tint with gold the crimsoned West.
And he spreads a brilliant pathway
O'er the Ocean's peaceful sheen,
Tow'rd the land where thou did'st wander
Years ago, my dear Colleen.

On the hills the sunbeams linger
Where in childhood we did play;
O'er the vales the shadows deepen
Where we once so loved to stray;
And each scene to me seems hallowed,
Where together we have been,
And with hopes their mem'ries waken,
I await my dear Colleen.

Are the charms more fair than Erin's
In that bright land of the free?
Are the friends that thou hast gained there
More endearing unto thee?
Does the sun shine there more brightly;
Are the hills and dales more green
Than the hills and dales of Erin,
Once so dear to my Colleen?

Tho' the evening light is failing,
And the sun has sunk from sight,
O'er the place where thou art dwelling
He now sheds his noon-day light.
Tho' my sun of earthly rapture
Clouds of sorrow deeply screen;
May thine own shine brightly ever,
'Tis my prayer, my dear Colleen.

A SPRIG OF SHAMROCK

'Tis a little sprig of shamrock
From a place I know so well,
Near the heart of dear old Erin
Where in childhood I did dwell,
And its leaves once green as emeralds,
Now tho' sered and scentless be,
Yet the hand that plucked and pressed it
Makes it O, so dear to me.

Chorus

Cherished emblem of old Erin
From my happy childhood scene,
Tho' thy emerald tints be faded,
Thou wilt keep my mem'ry green.

Visions bright appear before me
Of the place where thou once grew,
Feelings tender wake within me
For the friends my childhood knew,
And again with them I mingle
In their happy childish play,
And the sunlight of life's springtime
Beams once more upon my way.

Chorus

And the hills thy kindred garnish
With their peerless, verdant dress,
Seem to rise before me smiling
From the Ocean's soft caress.
And thy color and thy country
Tho' maligned they oft may be,
Yet my love for both grows deeper
When I fondly gaze on thee.

Chorus

THE GRAND ARMY PARADE

Boston, August 16, 1904

The roll of reveille is heard once again,
And the measured treading of milit'ry men;
But their ranks are not forming in battle array,
For the sunshine of peace on their banners now play;
And they march to the strains of inspiring song,
And the plaudits and cheers of a gratified throng;
For the heart of Bostonia welcomes the brave,
Who fought, and with valor, the Union to save.

Their locks are now silvered, their forms bent with age,
But their love for their country Time cannot assuage;
And their battle-flags tattered, which wave in the sun,
Will inform us how dearly their battles were won.
And while we do honor to this gallant band
(Ah! how few now remain of that Army so grand),
Let us sigh for the heroes who found but the grave
A meed for their efforts the Union to save.

Then honor the heroes who are with us today,
And cherish the mem'ry of those passed away;
And as honor is due where'er valor is shown,
Let us honor their foemen, whose valor we own:
For enmity lives not in feeling or thought;
We can only remember how bravely they fought;
And now all united forever we'll brave
The breeze and the battle our Country to save.

HAIL! STARRY BANNER

Hail! Starry Banner, as once more thou wavest
Proudly and peacefully over our land;
Hallowed by shades of Columbia's bravest,
Emblem of liberty long may'st thou stand.
Floating to zephyrs with pride we behold thee;
Still more inspiring when wild tempests rave;
Tenderly reverent tho' we unfold thee,
Wav'st thou most sweetly when slumber thy brave.

Borne to the breeze when thy country lay bleeding,
Soon thy bright folds by her life-blood were stained;
Then from her thraldom to liberty leading—
Thine was a mission by heaven ordained.
Then may thy glory forever keep spreading,
Ever inspiring the patriot's breast;
May the bright stars on thy Union keep shedding
Freedom and light to the weak and oppressed.

Fairest of banners! O, may we remember
Our Nation's honor is wrapped in thy folds;
Who but a traitor then dares to dismember
That priceless treasure it sacredly holds?
O, may thy bearers, divinely directed,
Thy precious glory and dignity save;
Loved by our Nation, by others respected,
Hail! Starry Banner, O, long may'st thou wave.

LINES WRITTEN ON A POSTAL CARD TO A LADY WHO WAS THROWN FROM A CARRIAGE AND INJURED

Of my sympathy for your terrible fall,
I send you this card as a token;
It must have been bad, but it would have been worse
If your neck or your nose had been broken.

COLUMBIA'S FLORAL WREATH

Each flower and shrub of the forest and field
Some sentiment mutely imparts,
The breath of sweet fragrance their fair petals yield
Bears greetings of love to all hearts.
And nations are wearing some favorite one,
Endeared by the symbol it bears;
And their sons have bestowed them, by the deeds they have done,
To the wreath that Columbia wears.

Chorus

Then each lovely daughter and each loyal son
Should safeguard the honors their sires have won;
And deem it their duty for each to bequeath
A fresh Laurel leaf to Columbia's wreath.

The Rose of old England, the queen of the bow'rs,
So proudly and sweetly blooms there;
And France's fair Lily, the purest of flowers,
Her triumphs and glory still share;
The place that the Thistle of Scotland has gained,
The charm of no other impairs!
And the Shamrock of Erin in honor is trained
In the wreath that Columbia wears.

The Bachelor button there modestly blows,
A tribute to Germany traced;
The Maple Leaf, too, from the land of the snows,
Her sister has gracefully placed.
The green mountain Laurel that decks her fair brow,
Adorned by those emblems she shares,
A sweet tie to all nations—a seal to each vow
Be the wreath that Columbia wears.

THE LAND OF THE PALM AND THE PINE

Tho' duty or pleasure may cause me to stray
In lands blessed with beauties sublime;
Where the lights of past ages enchantingly play
O'er scenes that are hallowed by Time.
And my heart may delight in the thoughts they incite,
My spirits in rapture recline;
Yet wherever I roam I still long for my home
In the land of the Palm and the Pine.

Few gems that are ancient her raiment adorn,
In primitive robes she is dressed;
Her crown is a chaplet so modestly worn,
Tho' woven at Nature's behest.
From the bright spangled folds of the banner she holds
The symbols of liberty shine;
And its sight does impart deeper love to my heart
For the land of the Palm and the Pine.

The beauties of youth mantle still on her breast,
In varied relief they spread forth;
The Palm in the South ever-verdant is dressed,
The Pine's evergreen in the North.
So my love stronger grows like the pine 'mid the snows,
Ever-verdant my mem'ries entwine
'Round that dear ingleside where my lov'd ones abide,
In the land of the Palm and the Pine.

SWEET MIGNONETTE

Faded token of the past,
Symbol of a pact divine;
And a love so deep and chaste
That I clasp thee as a shrine.
Clasp thee as I once embraced
Bright beams from a sun that's set;
And a joy that was effaced
With thy bloom, sweet Mignonette.

In that mellowed Autumn air,
Sweet and modest thou did'st bloom;
Sweet and modest, and most fair,
Was the one who sealed thy doom;
And at parting gave me thee
Hallowed with a gentle kiss;
That thy leaves might ever be
Emblems of departed bliss.

"Little darling" of the bowers,
Whither have thy beauties flown?
Have they with those happy hours
Passed within a realm unknown?
Tho' thy faded petals seem
Like those joys now lost to me,
Yet, how often they redeem
Cherished gems of memory.

FAIR FLOW'RET FROM MY NATIVE HEATH

Fair flow'ret from my native heath
What fate has placed thee here?
That thy sweet presence should bequeath
A dream to me so dear.
A dream in which I view again
The scenes of childhood days,
And hear once more each tuneful strain
Of native songster's lays.

I seem to hear the love-song float
Of robin and of wren;
The linnet's soft and thrilling note
Seems now as sweet as then.
The cricket's sad, discordant chime
That marked the evening's close,
Now wakens mem'ries of the time
It lulled me to repose.

I see again the fir-clad hills,
The barren, shrub-clad plains,
The peaceful lakes, the murm'ring rills,
The quiet, rural lanes;
I breathe again the aestive air
Perfumed by fragrant flow'rs;
And once again my spirits share
The bliss of childhood's hours.

I share again the love of those
Whose spirits since have flown,
The love that sweetened my repose
Ere care to me was known.
I fondly greet the light they've spread
Upon this path of mine,
And pray as bright a beam be shed,
Fair flow'ret, over thine.

THAT LITTLE COUNTRY SCHOOLHOUSE

Gazing down the mazy past o'er the varied scenes of life,
Golden beams and gloomy shadows do appear;
But the distance lends a brightness to the darkest clouds of strife
And they float upon my vision now more clear.
And a tender feeling thrills me when the past reveals to me
Happy scenes that in my childhood I have seen;
But the one I hold the dearest, and what most appeals to me,
Is a little country schoolhouse on the green.

On my vision I can see it as it stood in days of yore,
In the shelter and the shadows of the trees;
I can see my happy schoolmates as they played around the door,
And can hear their laughter float upon the breeze.

For when free from all our duties in the noon-tide of the day,
Then our feelings of delight we did not screen;
And our dear, kind-hearted teacher would oft join us in our play
'Round that little country schoolhouse on the green.

When the wint'ry blasts assailed it, and the frost was on the pane,
And the winds were sadly sighing thro' the wood;
Then within its room we'd gather, and there warmth and comfort gain
From a quaint old stove that in its center stood.
And when Nature's verdant blush was spread around it far and near,
And her fragrant breath perfumed the air serene;
Then her voice of thrilling sweetness would so often greet the ear
In that little country schoolhouse on the green.

But a fairer one supplants it; and it stands neglected there;
But the love I bore it then I still retain;
And the mem'ry of my schoolmates and the pleasures we did share
Shall forever cherished in my heart remain.
For that happy band has scattered;—some in distant lands now stray,
Some are peacefully residing near the scene;
And a few are sweetly sleeping in the churchyard o'er the way,
From that little country schoolhouse on the green.

LINES TO A DELINQUENT CORRESPONDENT

I admit that you write a nice letter,
In fact, sir, your diction is fine;
But you must not suppose that a "hunk" of your prose
Is worth half a dozen of mine.

MY DEAR LITTLE ALPINE MAID

Tho' fair are the vales of my native land,
And their beauties I dearly love;
But far dearer to me is the majesty
Of the snow-crested heights above.
For there in the midst of those charms sublime,
Is the light of my life now laid;
And my heart is enshrined, near my Alpine home,
With my dear little Alpine maid.

Her heart was as light as the Alpine air,
And as pure as the Alpine snow;
Still it glowed with the warmth of the balmy breeze
That reposed in the vales below.
Her smile was as sweet as the blush of morn,
And as bright as the beams that played
On the glacial heights, o'er the mountain home
Of my dear little Alpine Maid.

Her cheek bore the hue of the rose at dawn
When refreshed by the mountain dew;
And her eyes were imbued with the matchless tint
Of ethereal Alpine blue.
Her voice was as sweet as the mountain larks
That enlivened the sheltered shade;
And my bosom would thrill to the native songs
Of my dear little Alpine maid.

A child of the charms of her native land,
Like the beams of an autumn day,
That in beauty will fade from the Alpine heights,
Passed the maid of my heart away.
But the imprint of love that her beauty gave,
From my mem'ry can never fade;
For on every view I behold some charm
Of my dear little Alpine maid.

THE PASSING OF THE OLD HOME ON THE FARM

A NEW ENGLAND PASTORAL

Amid the green the russet tints
  Blend over hill and dell;
The drowsing cricket wakes to sing
  Its last farewell.
Whilst o'er a peaceful countryside
Where nature's robes seem deepest dyed,
  The autumn sunbeams play,
And shed such warmth upon the plain
That summer seems now to regain
  A truant day.

A deep and solemn stillness reigns
  Upon that lonely place;
No sign of labor or of mirth
  You there can trace.
Yet ev'rything the eye may scan,
Reveals the handiwork of man
  Performed in bygone days:—
The rambling barn, the lowly cot,
The stone-fenced farm, the garden plot
  And rural ways.

But Time has laid a heavy hand,
  And left its imprint there;
And ev'rywhere the eye perceives
  A dearth of care.
The garden plot alone betrays
The recent care of former days;
  And you may there behold,
Thro' loving care, a-blooming yet
The aster and the mignonette
  And marigold.

But listen! deep and rumbling sounds
  Upon the stillness grate!
A lumb'ring stage appears, and stops
  Before the gate.

A sweet-faced lady, bowed with years,
From out the little cot appears
  In traveling attire.
With faltering steps the coach she gains,
And then her saddened heart attains
  One fond desire.

One hand rests on the stage-coach door
  Whilst fervently she prays;
Then on that dear, deserted cot
  She turns to gaze.
Before her aged, tear-dimmed eyes
Her whole past life appears to rise
  In momentary space.
That cot had sheltered her since birth;
And all her joys and cares of earth
  She there did trace.

Again amid the fragrant flow'rs
  She romps in childish glee;
And chases from their honeyed leaves
  The bumble-bee.
The lilac-bush, beside the door,
Its purple petals spreads once more,
  And by its shady side
She plucks the daisies growing there,
And weaves them in her flowing hair
  With girlish pride.

She roams the green fields, spangled o'er
  With tints of white and gold;
She joins the lambkins in their play
  About the fold.
She seems to hear, and to define
The distant lowing of the kine
  Upon the ev'ning air;
Then tired from her daily play,
She kneels at mother's knee to say
  Her ev'ning pray'r.

No worldly wiles nor worldly ways
Her gentle heart beguiled;
She was her parents' joy and pride—
Their only child.
The voice of Nature thrilled her breast,
And on her youthful mind impressed
A teaching pure and good;
Whilst by her mother she was trained,
Until at length she had attained
To womanhood.

A fairer and a brighter scene
Invests her vision now;
It is the May-day when she made
Her marriage vow.
The sun beams brightly from the skies,
The earth is steeped in vernal dyes,
And from the wooded hill,
Upon her ear there floats again
The song of robin, finch and wren,
And whippoorwill.

They seem to sing her wedding march
In strains so clear and sweet;
While Nature strews the apple blooms
Beneath her feet,
That shed a perfume thro' the cot,
Far purer than the incense got
From myrrh or frankincense;
And never was a nuptial knot
Beneath a brighter auspice wrought,

She seemed as bright a flower then
As graced New England's soil;
And she had gained a worthy mate
To share her toil.

The Springtime of her life was done,
Her Summer season had begun
With all its joy and care;
And from a cloudless Welkin dome
The Sun of Bliss shone on that home
For years, most fair.

Another scene to her appears
That lights her saddened brow;
She knows the love of daughter, wife,
And mother, now.
She sees again at close of day
Beside the cottage door at play
Two sturdy little boys;
Her parents watch them, in their glee,
Whilst beaming by their side is he
Who shares her joys.

Her Sun of earthly happiness
The zenith now had gained,
And for a decade and a half
It there remained.
Ambition did not mock her toil
Nor vice her faithful heart despoil,
Nor aught her life demean;
Her humble home was her domain,
Where she was well content to reign
Its happy queen.

But hearts that know earth's sweetest bliss
Must feel its keenest pain;
And Time admits no earthly joys
To long remain.
Within the passing of two years
She saw, amid her welling tears,
Both parents laid to rest;
And ere another year had flown,
Her eldest son, to manhood grown,
Left for the West.

And then appears the sad event
That swept New England's farms;
And well does she remember still
That "call to arms";
Her youngest son, a noble youth,
The soul of honor and of truth,
And one who knew not fear,
Then left her motherly embrace,
The perils of that war to face—
A volunteer.

'Twas on the spot where she now stands
He bade his last farewell;
The feelings of his parents then—
Let angels tell.
With heads bowed low in silent pray'r
They did commend him to the care
Of Him above.
That parting made him understand
The meaning of a father's and
A mother's love.

A mother's love,—the purest flame
That springs from worldly care;
On ev'ry stage of youthful age,
'Tis nurtured there.
Then who could paint that mother's grief?
What earthly source afford relief
Beneath that awful spell?
When she had learned one wintry day,
That in the thickest of the fray
He fighting—fell.

But he who shared her early joys
Was left to share her woe;
And love beneath sweet sympathy
Will stronger grow.

But oftentimes the willow wand
Far better than the oak will stand
The onsets of the gale;
And as the fleeting years passed by—
With anxious heart, and saddened eye,
She saw him fail.

And now the last and saddest scene
Before her view is shown,
Beside that dear old cottage door
She sits—alone.
No soul to cheer—no voice to bless
Or break the awful loneliness.
Whilst ev'rywhere she sees
Such treasured things as will imbue
Her heart with grief, and wake anew
Sad memories.

But now her days of solitude
Upon the farm are done;
She's leaving for the West to join
Her eldest son.
A home of comfort 'waits her there,
And those who will her sorrow share
Until life's journey's o'er;
Then one last look,—one heartfelt sigh,
She bids the dear old cot good-bye
Forevermore.

Upon our Nation's roll of fame
Immortal names appear;
Inscribed as poet, patriot
And financier.
No brighter names that roll adorn
Than those of worthies who were born
And reared 'mid humble toil;
And whose first teachings may be traced
To loving mothers who have graced
New England's soil.

DAFFODIL

Within a busy, rude retreat,
  Where fragrant flowers are rare,
A daffodil, so fresh and sweet,
  I found a-blooming there.
Its fragrance and its loveliness
  That rude place seemed to fill,
And then I thought: "How strange a lot
  Is thine, sweet daffodil.

"Fair flow'ret, must thou bloom and fade
  In this uncultured spot?
And must thy beauty be displayed
  To those who prize it not?
And must thy sweetness ever fail
  Affection to instil
Save in my breast where 'tis impressed
  My lovely daffodil?

"I dare not claim thee as my own,
  For Fate has placed thee here
To shed a fragrance, here unknown,
  To elevate and cheer.
To share thy charms with more than one,
  I feel 'tis Nature's will,
So I'll caress, I'll leave and bless
  My lovely daffodil."

LINES TO ANOTHER DELINQUENT

I'm driving my quill
Today with a will,
  To make some amends for the past;
For altho' 'tis a year
Since from me you did hear,
  I believe that I wrote to you last.

O, SING TO ME THOSE DEAR OLD SONGS

O, sing to me the dear old songs
That I so love to hear,
And touch again those tuneful notes
Of melodies so dear.
They waken tender memories
That long have latent lain,
And latent feelings in my breast
Respond to them again.

I seem to hear in those sweet strains
Dear voices long since stilled,
That often in my childhood days
My breast with rapture thrilled.
The presence of those loving ones,
Tho' to the past belongs;
Yet embers of their light and love
Are fanned by those sweet songs.

O, sing to me my native lays,
For then I seem to see
The beauties of my Fatherland,
So fair and dear to me.
And whilst I cherish thoughts of home,
Or whilst my spirit longs
For friends or pleasures there I've known,
I'll bless those dear old songs.

LINES WRITTEN UPON VISITING A CAVE ON THE ISLAND OF MACKINAC, MICHIGAN. CALLED "THE DEVIL'S KITCHEN"

I called at this "grill" but the devil was out,
He was in New York or Chicago, no doubt;
And the place seemed so chilly, deserted and bare,
I doubt if his Majesty *ever* was there.

OUTWARD BOUND

A WATCH SONG

I am sailing tonight o'er the sea, my love,
I am sailing tonight o'er the sea;
And the beacon-light o'er the lee, my love,
Is flashing its farewell to me.
And here as I gaze on its lingering rays,
As they fade, slowly fade on my view,
Sweet visions appear my spirits to cheer,
They are visions of home and of you.

I am sailing tonight, I am sailing tonight
From my home in the Land of the Free;
And whatever the care I am destined to bear,
You will brighten my vigils at sea.

I am sailing tonight o'er the sea, my love,
I am sailing tonight o'er the sea;
And the beacon-light o'er the lee, my love,
Has flashed its last farewell to me,
And naught greets my sight save the orbs of the night
In the limitless circle of blue;
Yet faintly I hear a sweet voice that will cheer
'Til I once more return unto you.

I am sailing tonight, I am sailing tonight
From my home in the Land of the Free;
And whatever the care I am destined to bear,
You will brighten my vigils at sea.

HOMEWARD BOUND

A WATCH SONG

With fresh breezes leading,
Now swiftly I'm speeding
Again to thee dearest across the deep sea;
And whilst thou art sleeping,
My vigil I'm keeping,
And sharing my thoughts between duty and thee.

With sheets all a-flowing,
Our wake's brightly glowing,
And life thrills my yacht from her truck to her keel,
The charms of the ocean
Awake a devotion
That none but the hearts of true seamen can feel.

Dear to my heart is my yacht as she's cleaving
Dark, heaving billows all crested with foam;
Dear are the friends that behind me I'm leaving,
But dearer are those who await me at home.

The azure, arched o'er me
Lies mirrored before me,
A symbol of constancy spread from above;
The winds passing fleetly
Are murmuring sweetly,
And wafting me on to the home that I love.
Of thee I'm opining
While bright stars are shining,
And guiding me safely, my darling, to thee,
And as I draw nearer
Thou seem'st to grow dearer,
Enhanced by the charms of the night-watch at sea

Dear to my heart is my yacht as she's cleaving
Dark, heaving billows all crested with foam;
Dear are the friends that behind me I'm leaving,
But dearer are those who await me at home.

THE SHIP THAT BEARS MY NAME

Lines written for Mr. Edward Pierce and recited at the launching of the ship Edward Pierce

Hail, to the ship! the goodly ship
That we this day consigned
To Mother Ocean, and the trade
For which she was designed;

And while your hearts for her success
A fervent wish may frame,
More fervent still mine own beats for
The ship that bears my name.

Altho' designed for humble trade
And not for warlike fame;
She'll carry one more flag to help
Decrease our Nation's shame.
So may Dame Fortune smile on her
Thro' calms and tempests fierce.
Now all please rise, drink to the toast:
"The good ship—Edward Pierce."

THE PARDONED PRIVATE

A TALE OF THE BRITISH ARMY

Before a martial court was led
A private in disgrace;
Desertion was the awful charge
The poor wretch had to face.

His form was of heroic mold,
His brow of noble cast;
And yet his wretched state betrayed
A dissipated past.

His case was tried, his guilt was proved,
And then the judge arose,
A gallant, tho' an austere man,
His sentence to impose.

"The court has found you guilty of
A crime which I abhor;
And few upon the calendar
Have you not answered for.

"I've tried all kinds of punishment
To check your base career,
But if you've aught in your defense
Speak forth! I give you ear."

The soldier then saluted, and
Replied with bated breath:—
"Pray make your sentence final, sir,
For I shall welcome death.

"But e'er 'tis passed, if 'tis your will
My case I will define;
The first crime that I suffered for
I swear was none of mine.

"The lash that drew blood from my back
Congealed that in my heart;
And yet, the pangs which it bestowed
Were but a minor part.

"Vindictiveness of officers,
And taunts of comrades too,
Cut deeper in my tortured soul
Than lash or brand could do.

"At birth each human heart contains
A virgin soul within;
Where may be sown the seeds of love,
Or those of hate and sin.

"The tender shoots within mine own,
Trained by my mother's hand,
Were crushed by inhumanity
And one unjust command.

"For virtue never yet did thrive
'Neath persecution's spell;
Nor can you gain perfection by
A road that leads thro' Hell.

"I own I was not perfect, ere
I suffered from your rod,
But then, produce a perfect man
And I'll show you a God.

"You've tried all kinds of torture, sir,
To make a man of me,
But never once a pardon tried,
Nor even sympathy.

"Inhuman torture seldom fails
To fill the felon's grave;
Whilst kindly words of sympathy
The erring soul may save.

"But unto Him, and Him alone—
Thro' His once tortured Son,
For pardon shall I now appeal.
Proceed Sir! I have done."

A feeling in the Colonel's breast
Of sympathy awoke,
A tender cadence filled his voice
When he the silence broke:—

"The truth of your assertions, lad,
I cannot well refute;
The sentence that I should impose,
I therefore will commute.

"And ev'ry man 'neath my command
Shall know 'tis my behest,
To pardon you, and justly place
Your manhood to a test."

* * * *

The scene is changed,—'tis on a field
Of battle in the East;
The Pagan foes had been dispersed,
The combat now had ceased.

And there upon a hillside, where
The ev'ning sunbeams play,
Succumbing to a mortal wound
A color-sergeant lay.

Aloof, with heads in sorrow bowed
His comrades stood around,
A Colonel and a Surgeon knelt
Beside him on the ground.

The clothing from his breast had been
Removed with gentle hand,
Revealing there the hero's mark
Beside desertion's brand.

"O, is it willed," the Colonel cried,
"That on this battle-field
The breast that I had branded thus
Should prove my living shield?

"The one that I so deeply wronged,
And even scorned to see,
Now like a God lays down his life
A sacrifice for me.

"I feel like one forever doomed
To play a culprit's part.
O God! that scar upon his breast
Seems burning in my heart!"

The soldier feebly raised his hand
And spake in accents weak:—
"Forbear! forbear, my honored sir!
I beg thee, hear me speak.

"Let not the feelings of remorse
Thy breast too deeply fill,
For tho' I give my life for thee
I am thy debtor still.

"The wrong I suffered at your hands
You long since did atone;
The deeds that caused these cruel marks
Were mostly all my own.

"You saved me from a traitor's grave,
And lit within my breast
The lamp of honor, when you placed
My manhood to a test.

"To raise me to an honored life
Your moral aid you gave,
And led me on in duty's path
To gain—an honored grave.

"Pray raise me now, I wish to see
Once more before I die
The banner of my country wave
Triumphantly on high.

"Why see! its folds appear to float
Upon an amber mist,
And to a silver strand there spreads
A sea of amethyst.

"And on that strand are angel forms
In robes of priceless worth;
A scene so wondrous beautiful—
'Tis surely—not of earth!

"And one fair form—with arms outstretched
Stands forth—to welcome me;
A form—familiar—and—so fair;
My mother!—yes—'tis she!"

A smile o'erspread the hero's face
Suffused with heavenly light,
And softly as the parting day
His spirit took its flight.

The Colonel took the flag he loved
And placed it 'neath his head,
Then bending o'er his prostrate form,
These words he slowly said:—

"Inhuman torture seldom fails
To fill the felon's grave;
Whilst kindly words of sympathy
The erring soul may save."

THE DYING AVIATOR

Sternly his young, handsome features are drawn,
Keen is the glance of his dark hazel eyes;
As on his plane thro' the light of the dawn
Lark-like he sweeps toward the star-fading skies.
Over the lines where the musketry's rattle
Blends with the boom of artillery's roar;
Upward he soars till the din of the battle
Fails in disturbing his hearing once more.

Upward and eastward directing his flight,
Seemingly anxious a foeman to meet;
'Til o'er his pathway the sun's golden light
Spreads forth in splendor his vision to greet.
Wrapped in the thought that the scene is constraining:
"Heaven still beams o'er a war-stricken earth."
Enmity now in his bosom is waning;
Beauty to love never fails to give birth.

Then o'er his comely face
Passes a smile,
Clearly revealing a grace
That for a while
Tells that his soul inhales
Heaven's sweet breath,
Free from the strife that prevails—
Seems that of death.

Once more his features in firmness are set,
Keener the glance of his dark piercing eyes;
For from a field where the dew sparkles yet
Two battle-planes of his foemen arise.
Wholly undaunted, descending he meets them;
Fear hath no place in that young hero's heart;
And when in range with a volley he greets them,
One hurtling downward he sends at the start.

Sharp and decisive's that aerial fight:
Never admitting the breath of a pause:
Wounded, our hero regards not his plight
Till his opponent, disabled, withdraws.
Westward and downward his course he's retracing,
Fainter he grows as his last journey ends;
Darkness comes o'er him the landscape effacing,
Dying, unconscious, he falls 'mid his friends.

Then o'er his comely face
Passes a smile,
Clearly revealing a grace
That for a while
Tells that his soul inhales
Heaven's sweet breath,
Free from the strife that prevails:
'*Tis* that of death.

RITA

A SOLDIER'S FAREWELL

Rita, my Rita, the day is at hand
When, in defense of my dear native land,
I must depart from my home and from thee,
Joining our forces to cross the deep sea.
Sev'ring the ties I hold dearer than life,
Soon I shall join in the carnage and strife,
But in all actions I ever shall be
Loyal to country and faithful to thee.

Chorus

Rita, my Rita, heart of my heart,
Fate now ordains, dear, that we must part;
Even the pealing of yon village bell
Seems to be saying:—Farewell! Farewell!

Deep in the breast, where thy head oft reclined,
Thy precious image is fondly enshrined;
And from its depths there shall issue the pray'r:—
"God grant thee strength, dear, thy burden to bear."
What fate awaits me I cannot foretell;
But to the end, in my mem'ry shall dwell
All the dear scenes that have brightened our past;
One kiss, then, Rita, it may be my last.

Chorus

Rita, my Rita, heart of my heart,
Fate now ordains, dear, that we must part;
Even the pealing of yon village bell
Seems to be saying:—Farewell! Farewell!

THE ROSE OF ACADIE

Where the fair Avon is flowing
On to the restless tides;
Where the wild flowers are blowing
Sweetly upon its green sides,
All the blithe songsters were singing
Carols of pure ecstasy,
And in their mirth seemed to welcome the birth
Of the Rose of Acadie.

Bright was her natal morning;
Lovely her sunset be;
Sorrow and strife should mar not the life
Of the Rose of Acadie.

Fair are the charms of the flowers
Gracing her native heath;
Rare are the gifts of the bowers
They in their fullness bequeath;
Softly their beauties are blending
Over that vale to the sea;
Fragrant and fair,—yet they do not compare
With the Rose of Acadie.

Bright was her natal morning;
Lovely her sunset be;
Sorrow and strife should mar not the life
Of the Rose of Acadie.

TO MARY

In my waking hours there steal,
Mary, dearest Mary,
Thoughts too tender to reveal,
Of thee, gentle Mary.
And when Nature seeks repose,
When my lids in slumber close,
Then how oft my dreams disclose
Visions of thee, Mary.

And altho' I'm forced to roam,
Mary, dearest Mary,
Far away from friends and home
And from thee, my Mary,
But where'er I stray from thee,
Over land, or over sea,
Still thou always seem'st to be
Near me, gentle Mary.

Every chord my heart contains,
Mary, dearest Mary,
Is attuned in love's sweet strains
Unto thee my Mary.

And there dwells in each refrain
Hopes that banish care and pain,
And that I shall meet again
With my gentle Mary.

ROSALIE

Fragrant and fresh as the breath of morn,
Fairest of flowers to beauty born,
Blooms a wild rose by the spreading sea
Known to my heart as Rosalie.
Seeking to claim it, I lowly bend,
But hidden thorns my aim forfend.
Nature ordained that thy charms should be
Shared by many, sweet Rosalie.

Rosalie, sweet Rosalie,
Deeply enshrined in my memory
Thy sweet beauties shall ever be;
Rosalie, my Rosalie.

When thy fair petals with age are sere
Those who admire thee disappear;
When thou art left in this world alone
Then shall I claim thee as my own.
Clasping the thorns that gave me pain
Deep in my heart shall wake again
Love that was once denied to thee;
Love eternal, sweet Rosalie.

Rosalie, sweet Rosalie,
Deeply enshrined in my memory
Thy sweet beauties shall ever be;
Rosalie, my Rosalie.

MY STELLAR GODDESS OF THE SEA

Of all the orbs that nightly shine
  O'er tropic sea and temp'rate zone,
There's one whose light I can divine
  Beams steadfastly for me alone;
To guide me o'er the trackless main
  And fill my errant soul with cheer,
So in its flights it may attain
  To planes above this mundane sphere.

Fair Luna's beams, nor stellar rays
  Its mystic light does not impair;
Then starless nights and sunless days
  Within my soul 'tis beaming there.
It tends to strengthen and refine,
  And wakes the purest thoughts in me;
I bow before thee as a shrine;
  My Stellar Goddess of the Sea.

IN MEMORIAM

Sadly now my thoughts are turning
  To the days of long ago,
Deeply now my heart is yearning
  For the one I cherished so.
For the face that's ever vanished,
  For the voice that's ever stilled;
For the light that's ever banished
  From the home it once so filled.

Thro' the gloom there spread before me
  Happy scenes of bygone years,
And the feeling that comes o'er me
  Ope's the fountain of my tears.
For around my heart most dearly
  Severed ties seem to entwine;
And I now can see more clearly
  What a treasure once was mine.

Source of all my childish gladness,
Whither has thy spirit flown?
Dost thou share my care and sadness,
Are my sorrows to thee known?
Are my steps by thee still guided?
Dost thou tell me to be brave?
And that souls are not divided,
But united thro' the grave.

AN ELEGY

ON THE PASSING OF A FRIEND

The dread hour has come; life's varying joys
Are severed once more from my grasp;
The cold breath of parting all mirth now destroys,
And buries sweet bliss in its clasp.

A silence oppressive hangs over us all
As we gaze on his form now at rest;
The depth of our sorrow our speech does enthrall,
By our tears it alone is expressed.

A sunbeam of Nature has passed from our view,
That gladdened each heart it o'erspread;
No sorrow or pain could its power subdue,
With its source it had lived, and has fled.

As passing from light the gloom is increased,
So is sorrow thus deepened by love;
But hearts from the thraldom of grief is released
By a light that's transmitted above.

When grief of bereavement subsides in the heart,
The pleasures of mem'ry remain;
The loss of our dearest, fond hopes do impart
Of that happiness we shall regain.

A DIRGE

A TRIBUTE TO PRESIDENT MCKINLEY

Attune thy harps—our hero sleeps;
Attune thy harps—our Nation weeps;
And let each note be clear and sweet,
Each chord with harmony replete;
And ev'ry voice in unison
Acclaim the worth of that dear one,
Whose harp the breast so often thrilled,
Lies broken now—forever stilled.

Touch lightly then each mystic string,
That in the welling breast may spring
A strength to sing as sweet as he,
Of love and hope and charity.
A faith like his, that each may bear
The discords of all worldly care;
And when life's gamut has been run,
To say as he:—"Thy will be done."

MY PEERLESS QUEEN

Thou Vesper orb of peerless ray,
That early greets the night,
The gloom that ends the fairest day
Reveals thy purest light.
Thou reignest 'mid thy sister orbs
So regally serene;
That when thy light invades my sight,
Thou mind'st me of my Queen.

Thou wakest feelings in my breast
As gentle as thy ray,
When mingled in the azure West,
With parting beams of day.

And cause me often to recall
That peaceful autumn e'en,
When 'neath thine eye, enthroned on high,
I won my peerless Queen.

'Twas then her heart, so pure and true,
She placed within my care,
And thou, alone, bore witness to
The vows we plighted there.
And often since in Folly's day,
Tho' wayward I have been,
In Sorrow's night, divinely bright,
Would beam my peerless Queen.

And tho' the bright star of my heart
In endless night has set,
The light divine she did impart
Still beams upon me yet.
And when I gaze on thee, fair orb,
Tho' cares my heart o'erwhelm,
I fondly ween I'll meet my Queen
Within a fairer realm.

AN ADDRESS OF A YOUNG LADY TO A FADED VIOLET

Sweet violet, with far more rev'rent care
I touch thee now
Than when I plucked thee from beneath
The shelt'ring bough.

For then with wanton step I sought the shade
Where thou did'st bloom,
And with a light and gladsome heart
I sealed thy doom,

That I might garnish with thy fragrant form
A manly breast,
And gain the pleasures to conform
With his request.

Thy modesty appeared a symbol then
Of love divine;
And now thy faded petals seem
A sacred shrine;

Which solemnly reveals how fleeting are
The charms of youth,
And how enduring is the worth
Of love and truth.

For time and space can never wrest from me
These mem'ries dear
Which waken when I gaze upon
Thy petals sere.

So I shall keep and ever cherish thee,
And always feel
That what thou art to me, I was to him:
A fond ideal.

MA BELLE CAP'TAINE

Commandress fair! the Fates decree
Our courses shall divergent be;
But thou hast shown whilst in command
The kindest heart wields strongest hand;
And artless beauty will prevail
Where haughty pride and harshness fail.
Then kind and artless e'er remain
I counsel thee—Ma Belle Cap'taine.

And may'st thou sail upon Life's sea
From worldly care and sorrow free;
O'er Sun-kissed waves—'neath smiling skies
Illumed by light that never dies;
And gentle zephyrs to thee bear
Rich blessings that thy soul may share
Until thy destined port thou'lt gain;
I signal thee—Ma Belle Cap'taine.

Deacidified using the Bookkeeper process.
Neutralizing agent: Magnesium Oxide
Treatment Date: Sept. 2009

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